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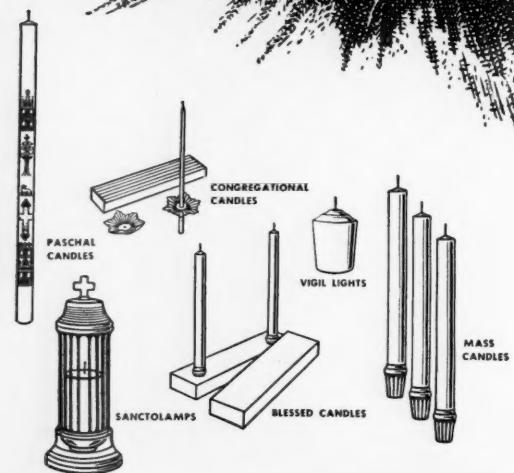
John LaFarge

The Sodality
Indian Aid?
Paul Robeson
British Communists
National Debate Topic
Reinhold Niebuhr on Poland

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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. XCVIII No. 5 Whole Number 2529

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Speaking mons to the America

Correspondence

Algerians in France

EDITOR: Sen. John F. Kennedy's article "The Algerian Crisis: A New Phase?" (AM. 10/5) hit the nail on the head.

During most of September I was cycling from Monaco across southern France through Toulon, Marseilles and Avignon, ending at Perpignan on the Spanish frontier. I explored almost every city and larger town in this far-flung area, and was really shocked to find that while the daily French press was screaming about Little Rock, no one appeared to realize that in each urban area there is an Algerian ghetto.

The Algerians I observed seemed to do the dirty and difficult work. They live in distinctive slums, and they generally eat and drink with other Algerians. Watching the Frenchmen play at lawn bowling every eventide, I was struck by the fact that not once was the bar broken. In my estimation, the Algerians are treated by many Frenchmen as Negroes are treated in many parts of the United States.

I compliment Sen. Kennedy on his courage, and I hope AMERICA will carry more such illuminating articles.

RICHARD L.-G. DEVERALL

Brussels, Belgium

College Graduates in Parish

EDITOR: I read with interest the article of Miss Margaret Murphy in the Sept. 28 AMERICA. It is unfortunately true that priests, either in the pulpit or out of the pulpit, do not always present a challenge to the pent-up zeal of our Catholic college women graduates. On the other hand, many of the younger pastors, trained in modern approaches to pastoral care, have at times been disappointed with the cooperation given them in their endeavors from Catholic college graduates.

Let me cite factual experiences. In a certain parish where the pastor, anxious to promote congregational participation in the Mass as recommended by the Holy Father, initiated the dialog Mass, the Catholic college graduates were quite vocal in their opposition to what they termed "these noisy Masses." Just recently a pastor gently pleaded on Sunday morning that the congregation at least answer the familiar responses (Amen and *Et cum spiritu tuo*). Again the college graduates clung tenaciously to their missals.

Speaking of the lack of appeal of sermons to the woman college graduate, this

is of course true. However, when some priests have courageously presented the Catholic viewpoint on social questions or even preached on the social implications of the gospel, some of their bitterest critics have been the alumnae of Catholic colleges. Priests who are brash enough to speak on such controversial subjects as labor problems, the race question, high medical costs, etc., do not always get the sympathetic hearing they expect from those who have had college training. If they dare to spell out clearly the obligations of the gospel or the social encyclicals, they can expect to be given such nice names as rabble-rousers, labor priests or liturgical bugs. This is not to detract from those valiant Catholic college women graduates who have shed luster on their Alma Maters and on their parishes by their devotion to the various types of the modern apostolate.

Finally, while the Legion of Mary and youth activities are specialized apostolates which require more leisure time than many women can afford, these apostolates, I respectfully submit, are works worthy of the best leadership our Catholic colleges can produce, not merely penitential exercises.

It is said that when Pope Pius XI of blessed memory was nuncio to Poland in troubled days, he was unable for a while to do the work of a papal envoy. Instead of standing on his dignity and waiting for work more in harmony with his exalted mission, he is reported to have said: "If I cannot serve this country as a representative of the Holy Father by doing the work delegated to me, I can serve it as a simple priest." This lofty example would suggest that while our Catholic college graduates may not find the challenge they expect in our parishes, they will, if humble and zealous, find many unmet needs on which to expend their education and zeal.

Address Withheld

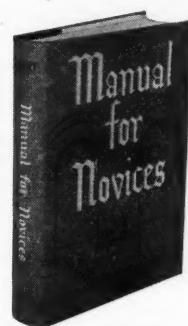
PASTOR

EDITOR: The article by Margaret Murphy prompts me to make a few remarks.

She must be rather young. A more mature person would not manifest such an inferiority complex as she does. For example, she speaks of the woman college graduate as a "double oddity." We of the Midwest and even the West do not consider such a woman odd at all—as a Catholic and as intellectually trained.

Also I take it Miss Murphy enjoys being hypercritical. How else understand her description of the parish choice of church music as somewhere in between "Bach and

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barbershop"? Why not give the choir director a lift and join the choir?

I am incensed, though, when she describes the Legion of Mary, sodalities, CYO, etc. as mere forms of "penitential exercises." Obviously she has never gotten near such groups, particularly not near any Legion of Mary workers. . . .

Portland, Ore. MATHIAS A. ETHEN

EDITOR: Margaret Murphy offers an excellent summary of the problems confronting educated Catholic women in parish life. What these women want and desperately need is not more organizations, discussion clubs, conferences and committees, but strong spiritual leadership "to guide and challenge [them]". . . .

JEAN HOLZHAUER

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

EDITOR: Did Margaret Murphy really become informed on the various group activities offered by the Church before rejecting them as "penitential exercises"? What is penitential about the Legion of Mary, whose object is the sanctification of its members by prayer and active cooperation, under ecclesiastical guidance, in the

Church's work of advancing the reign of Christ? As a Legionary (and also a college graduate) I hold that the Legion of Mary would not appeal to those who were the "joiners" in college.

Bronx, N. Y.

ALICE HODNETT

Braceros' Families

EDITOR: At the last meeting of the Council of American Agriculture on Sept. 6, one of the members brought up for discussion an article published in your magazine on August 17, "North and South of the Border," by Robert R. Cunningham.

Our group is very much interested in the subject of Mexican imported workers as we generally have about 5,000 such workers in this county during the summer months.

It was agreed that there are times when the sacrifice of family life is required, e.g., military life requires the family to be separated and ship life also is not conducive to family life. However, who can say that the land does not lend itself to family life and that American agriculture requires such a sacrifice as the present militaristic system of braceros? . . .

Mr. Cunningham points out the problems that would be faced by the Government, the farmer and the family itself if the family of the bracero were admitted with him. If these problems are insurmountable, that is all the more reason why normal immigration should be used to increase the rural manpower if necessary, instead of the present system, which prohibits living in accord with God's law.

Mr. Cunningham refers to the braceros as abjectly impoverished, abysmally ignorant, wholly primitive spiritually and morally. . . . Our group is in contact continuously with thousands of imported laborers from Mexico who come here yearly, and every Sunday during the summer months we drive buses to take the men to Mass. While these men may be abjectly impoverished, we know they are not abysmally ignorant nor wholly primitive spiritually and morally. Though their years of education were short, the great majority of these men have considerable common sense and are very cooperative with somebody who understands them. . . .

San Jose, Calif.

DON A. WELSCH

Exile on Yeats

EDITOR: As an "exile of Erin," I was much interested in Gabriel Fallon's amusing "Dublin Letter" (AM. 10/12). I wonder whether he is altogether correct in his views on the proposal to invite Henry Moore to design the W. B. Yeats memorial. As I recall it, Yeats' *mystique* was (if the pun is excusable) rather Besantine, and it is possible that he would have been more in sympathy with Henry Moore's "cosmic allusions" than with, say, the robust lyricism of a Bernini or a Churriguera. (By the way, when was the real Renaissance, before or after the establishment of the Counter-Reformation?) Perhaps the decision to invite Mr. Moore was unconscious Irish perspicacity.

MICHAEL BOWLES

Indianapolis, Ind.

Clerical-Lay Dialog

EDITOR: Regarding your recent articles about the lay apostolate (Oct. 5 and 12), it is my understanding that the Church through its clergy teaches principles, eternal principles. Obviously principles as such do not act in the marketplace. . . . The successful bringing of Christ into the marketplace would seem to require a constant dialog between the layman who is immersed in the world with all its brutal facts, and the clergy who teach eternal principles that well from the springs of the Incarnate God. Alexandria, Va. EDWARD J. BRENNAN

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The Wagner Housing Act

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This is a study of the evolution of a plan for social reform from its genesis to its enactment as a federal law. Hitherto unpublished materials from the White House files of President Roosevelt, the office files of Senator Robert F. Wagner and of various agencies of the Federal Government and pressure groups, correlated with factual data supplied in interviews with the experts who drafted the legislation, bring to light a new viewpoint of the New Deal philosophy and manifest the tactics and the art of politics. The account of the struggle within the administration to control the development of a public-housing policy, a multimillion dollar financial plan, and a new agency of the Federal Government brings to the pages of this book the words and deeds of many colorful leaders of the New Deal, especially Roosevelt, Wagner, Ickes, and Morgenthau.

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Current Comment

All Saints and Souls

Each year, as the liturgical cycle edges toward its close, we come again to those two beloved and familiar feasts which stand like sentries at the gates of November. All Saints' and All Souls' Days remind us that the march of life will not go on forever and that soon—for us as for the dear ones who have gone before us—we must pass the portals of death and stand before the tribunal of our God.

On the first day of chill November we remember all the holy people who forever praise the Triune God in that "place of refreshment, light and peace" which is the never-ending life of the beatific vision. Here, among the exalted saints who have been raised to our altars our mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers and dear friends are rapt in eternal joy before God's Face and live with His Life in the inscrutable mystery of their divine adoption. We pray to them all on this glorious feast.

The day after, when the priest in his black chasuble raises the sacred Host in three Masses for the repose of the souls who have not yet reached their final destination, we pray with generous hearts for all the dead who need our prayers. *Dies irae, dies illa*—a day soon enough to come for us. Mindful of the dead and of their great need, we also recall our own sins, our want of penance and our past failures to advance in virtue.

These two feasts link us with the world to come, with the saints in heaven and with the departed, suffering souls in purgatory. Through these gates we too shall pass before many Novembers have gone by.

Those Dauntless Turks

As the UN prepared on Oct. 22 to air the explosive charges of a Turkish-American plot to overthrow Syria's left-wing Government, the least perturbed about the whole affair were the Turks themselves. In contrast to the nervous reporting in the U. S. press, the sup-

posed threat of a war between Turkey and Syria did not make Turkish headlines. The blustering Khrushchev proved less newsworthy than the country's impending national elections. The cool self-possession of the Turks may help us keep the new Middle East crisis in perspective.

These new tensions began with an interview granted New York *Times* correspondent James Reston by Soviet Communist party boss Nikita Khrushchev (AM., 10/26, p. 94). After accusing Loy W. Henderson, U. S. trouble-shooter in the Middle East, of pushing Turkey into a war with Syria, the Soviet leader warned the Turks they would not last a single day in a Middle East war. The threat started a chain reaction of charges back and forth between the United States and the Soviet Union. Meanwhile the Turks have kept their nerve in the face of a steady propaganda barrage laid down by the Russians and the Syrians.

Not that the Turks take a complacent view of events in Syria. They are understandably worried lest their neighbor fall completely under the Soviet heel, and thus become the second arm of a giant pincers one day to be used against them. They sense, however, that this possibility is still remote. Moreover, they feel that the current made-in-Moscow crisis is sheer propaganda designed to keep pro-Western forces in the Middle East off balance.

... and the Soviet Hams

Indeed, the reasons alleged by Mr. Khrushchev for his intense preoccupation with Turkey and Syria do not make sense. He certainly cannot believe that the United States would goad Turkey into an attack on Syria and thus risk dragging the Nato alliance into a general war. Nor can we believe Russia is seeking a pretext to attack Turkey. There must be something less world-shaking at stake than a war which, on Mr. Khrushchev's own admission, would not remain confined to the Middle East.

What is at stake is Russia's newly

acquired prestige in the Middle East. That must be kept alive at all costs. In their desire to appear the defenders of the Arab world against the machinations of the "imperialist" West, the Russians are hammering it up.

An objective UN investigation of current tensions is therefore to be welcomed. If it remains objective, it can only demonstrate that Soviet hectoring of Turkey has contributed most to the present uneasy atmosphere in the Middle East. And let's hope the findings rub off on our near-sighted Arab friends.

India in Need

While the Arab world seethes, a less sensational crisis is building up in India. Though purely economic, it could have as great an effect on free-world security as Russian aggressiveness in the Middle East.

For this reason it is difficult to understand the apparent indifference which T. T. Krishnamachari met in Washington a few weeks ago. The Indian Finance Minister came here seeking a loan to tide India over the next two years. The \$500 million he sought is indeed a staggering sum. But the United States was not expected to contribute the entire amount. T.T.K., as he is known in his own country, has also approached Great Britain, West Germany, private investors and the International Bank. Thus far he has only a "pessimistic" report on his mission to the United States and Britain. West Germany has been more cooperative. The Bonn Government agreed on Oct. 23 to an aid program.

For lack of this much-needed financial booster-shot, India's second five-year plan will need drastic revision. What this will mean in terms of an already depressingly low Indian standard of living has already been spelled out in these pages (10/12, p. 36). What it may mean in terms of the cold war is not generally appreciated.

The significance for us of India's five-year plan can be simply put. Free India is engaged in an ideological competition with totalitarian China which is being closely and intensely watched by the rest of free Asia. The continued growth of democracy throughout this area may well depend on the success of India's economic experiment. Can we afford not to help?

Beck and "Paper Locals"

Thanks to Judge F. Dickinson Letts, who last week temporarily enjoined James R. Hoffa from taking office, Dave Beck is still president of the Teamsters. This reminds us that Mr. Beck now has the chance to speed a worthy course of action that he himself initiated shortly before the Teamster convention last September. We refer, of course, to the union investigation of the notorious "paper locals" the Hoffa crowd used in their attempt, ultimately successful, to seize control of N. Y. Joint Council 16.

To conduct this probe, Beck appointed an honest committee headed by the veteran union economist David Kaplan. The committee brought in a sizzling report, charging the locals with signing substandard contracts for their 4,500 members, with disregarding jurisdictional lines, and with spending so much money on officers' salaries and expenses that they are all virtually bankrupt.

After sitting on this report for more than a month, Mr. Beck ordered the paper locals seized on Oct. 15 and named the chief Teamster organizer in New England, Nicholas P. Morrissey, as administrator. As this is being written, Mr. Morrissey has not yet assumed control. It may be some time before he does. If, as is rumored in Manhattan, the discredited leaders seek a court order enjoining the International union from taking control, they will probably get it. In such cases the courts regularly bar an International from seizing a local until the local's officials have been duly found guilty of wrongdoing in a union trial.

This is where Mr. Beck comes in. By bringing charges against the leaders of the locals and ordering an immediate trial, he can speed the day when an able administrator will bring to 4,500 workers the benefits of honest unionism.

Spanish Bishop's Analysis

Spain has recently become the delight of economy-minded U. S. tourists. Her richly variegated life challenges the writer of travelogs. A dozen authors—Barnaby Conrad the latest with *Gates of Fear*—have been trying to turn us all into *aficionados* of the bull ring. But we still know too little about this historic

land or about its contemporary economic and social problems.

That is why, whenever he speaks, it is important for U. S. Catholics to listen to Bishop Angel Herrera of Málaga. On Oct. 17, addressing a Madrid audience at the opening of the 1957-58 Social Institute of Pope Leo XIII, the bishop, one of Spain's leading sociologists, deplored what he called the low level of the Spanish social conscience.

Thirty years ago, he said, a well-known Spanish statesman, called upon to form a Government, said to the bishop: "How difficult it is to govern Spain. I shall be hemmed in by vested interests." Such special interests, which consistently refuse to take seriously their obligations to the poor, have too long perpetuated the sharp line one observes in Spain between the rich and the desperately needy. Try as they may, Spanish regimes have made little head-way against these interests. On several occasions in the past the Bishop of Málaga has warned the Spanish upper classes that this situation is a running sore on the Spanish body politic and a blot on the nation's religious conscience.

Job for Capitalists

One of the big obstacles to an increased flow of private foreign investment is fear on the part of both exporters and importers of capital. Capitalists are afraid of investing money abroad for fear of losing it, or of not receiving a fair return on it. Many people in underdeveloped countries, though not unappreciative of the benefits of private investment, suspect that foreign capitalists are intent on dominating their economies. Both viewpoints were forcefully expressed at the International Industrial Development Conference that met in San Francisco in mid-October under the sponsorship of Time-Life International and the Stanford Research Institute.

As for the fears in underdeveloped lands, which were sympathetically detailed by Miguel Cuaderno Sr., governor of the Central Bank of the Philippines, one may hope that these will be moderated in time by the improved economic conduct of foreign investors. Certainly, the average U. S. corporation is not bent these days on exploitation in the buccaneer spirit of 19th-century colonialism. It appreciates the anomaly of a

situation in which foreigners are industrialists and financiers and the natives hewers of wood and drawers of water.

To mitigate the fear of investors, Herman J. Abs, director of the Deutsche Bank of Frankfurt, proposed a kind of international moral code. Countries subscribing to it would agree not to discriminate against foreign capital or interfere illegally with it. Under the code a court would arbitrate all complaints of illegal treatment and discrimination. As AFL-CIO President George Meany told the gathering: "Private investors abroad are entitled to safeguards against abnormal risks." Mr. Meany gave labor's blessing to Mr. Abs' proposal.

Change the Natural Law?

Many non-Catholics seem unable to grasp the fact that when the Catholic Church says artificial birth control is sinful she is not taking an arbitrary position which she could change tomorrow if only she chose to. The sinfulness of birth control does not depend upon the whim of the Pope. The Church's unaltering and unalterable stand on this question is not, as many non-Catholics appear to believe, a piece of Catholic legislation, dreamed up by Catholic priests for Catholic laymen. It is grounded in the natural law itself, that is, in the law of human reason and the nature of man. The Pope cannot change this law. It is a law for all mankind—not because the Church says so, but because God made us and made our natures as He did.

On Oct. 17, at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York, the Planned Parenthood Federation of America met for an annual luncheon. Guest speaker Sir Grantley Herbert Adams, British Premier of 166-square-mile Barbados Island in the West Indies, suggested that the Holy Father should find some way of easing the traditional Catholic position on birth control. By doing so, Adams said,

he would disintegrate the major obstacle in the way of large-scale governmental research and action for contraception in the Western world.

The estimated 1953 population of Barbados was 222,942.

Premier Adams apparently does not understand that Pope Pius XII and all the bishops of the world together are

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powerless to change a law which God has set upon the tables of man's nature itself. That law may be ignored, scorned, misunderstood, forgotten or consciously sinned against, but no stroke of a human pen can erase it.

Vanishing Farmers

Sometimes bare figures tell a story more graphically than do paragraphs of limpid prose. So it is with the latest Census Bureau report, released Oct. 19, on the nation's farm population. Between April, 1956 and April, 1957, the number of Americans living on farms dropped from 22.2 million to 20.3 million. That brought the total drop since

the 1950 census to almost 4.7 million. Meanwhile, during this same seven-year period, the country's population grew by more than 19 million. Now only 12 per cent of Americans live on farms.

According to the Census Bureau, a number of factors may account for the big shift from farm to city. As a consequence of the extension, in July, 1956, of Social Security pensions to farmers, a good many elderly tillers of the soil quit the land for a life of retirement in town. Then, too, with the expansion of the suburbs farther and farther into rural regions, what were formerly classified as farmhouses are now set down in census tabulations as nonfarm dwellings. But the chief reason, no doubt, for declining farm population is the still

expanding process of farm mechanization. With the growth of productive efficiency through the use of machines, ever fewer and fewer farmers are required to satisfy the nation's needs in food and fibers.

If one regards farming in purely economic terms, this shift in the population is an unmixed blessing. It indicates an efficient, rational use of manpower. It is no unmixed blessing, though, to those who consider farming a way of life as well as an economic activity. Such people fear that the social and political consequences of a dwindling farm population may be harmful for democracy and, in the long run, outweigh any of its alleged economic gains.

Collegians Debate Union Security

One thing about the committee that annually selects the national collegiate debate topic: the members don't duck the hard ones. This year's topic, "Resolved, That Closed Shops Should Be Abolished," is calculated to generate considerable heat along with, one hopes, great floods of light. Since requests from librarians for AMERICA articles and editorials on union security have started coming into our office, perhaps it will save time all around to list here some of the available material.

To begin with, debaters might be interested in a question related to, though not identical with, union security, namely, the nature of the obligation incumbent on workers to join unions. References are to the bound volumes of AMERICA.

1. "Labor's Duty to Organize." An editorial. (80:619, Mar. 12, 1949)
2. "Canadian Bishops on the Life of the Worker." Part III of a résumé of the 1950 statement of the Bishops of the Civil Province of Quebec. (83:211-14, May 20, 1950)
3. "Must Workers Join a Union?" An editorial. (86:346, Dec. 29, 1951)
4. "Union-shop Elections." An editorial. (86:143, Nov. 10, 1951)

The controversy over the union shop in rail transportation deserves more than passing attention. AMERICA noted the origin of this dispute in an editorial "Union Shop on the Rails" (86:575, Mar. 1, 1952) and later on commented on a significant development: "Santa Fe Case and the Union Shop" (90:522, Feb. 20, 1954). On the important Supreme Court decision in 1956, which temporarily stilled the controversy, AMERICA published a full-scale article, "Court Upholds the Union Shop," by Benjamin L. Masse (95:283-4, June 16, 1956). In this decision the court consid-

ered constitutional difficulties raised by opponents of the union shop.

In the following, AMERICA gave special emphasis to the moral aspect of union security:

1. "Union Security in Steel." An editorial. (87:99, April 26, 1952)
2. "Union Shop Snarls the Steel Dispute." By Benjamin L. Masse. (87:267-69, June 7, 1952)
3. "The Pope and U. S. Labor." An editorial. (88:445, Jan. 24, 1953)

The moral aspect is also prominent in a number of articles and editorials on "right-to-work" laws.

1. "What's Happening to Right-to-Work Laws?" By Benjamin L. Masse. (93:149-50, May 7, 1955)
2. "Theologian on Right-to-Work Laws." An editorial. (93:382, July 16, 1955)
3. "Right to Work." Excerpt from a statement by Most Rev. Bernard J. Topel, Bishop of Spokane. (95:284, June 16, 1956)
4. "Right-to-Work Laws." By Benjamin L. Masse (95:503-4, Sept. 1, 1956) This is a survey of the present status of these laws and of recent comment on them by Catholic authorities.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to call attention here to certain articles that appeared in AMERICA's sister publication, the *Catholic Mind*.

1. "Louisiana Right-to-Work Bill." Extensive documentation of the official New Orleans archdiocesan opposition to the bill. (*Catholic Mind*, 52:561-76, Sept., 1954)
2. "On Pending Legislation." Statement of the Bishops of the Ohio Catholic Welfare Conference. (*Catholic Mind*, 53:437-40, July, 1955)

Finally, Father Leo C. Brown's "Right-to-Work Legislation" is a down-to-earth study by an acknowledged expert in industrial relations. (*Catholic Mind*, 53:606-14, Oct., 1955)

Prizes for Art Lovers

How great is the wealth of artistic talent wasted or lying latent in this country that might be employed in glorifying the House of God? The best way to find out is to encourage the use of contemporary arts in the service of religion.

We are pleased, therefore, that the Spaeth Foundation, 831 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y., is offering a series of cash prizes for the best five articles in the Catholic press on the general subject of *the artist today and his relationship to the Church*. They are to appear in publications of the Catholic Press Association (diocesan papers,

weekly, monthly or quarterly magazines) between December 1, 1957 and March 31, 1958. The prizes will consist of \$1,000 and downward. Articles (textual, pictorial or both) should deal with art or architecture or with various church furnishings.

Further details may be obtained from the foundation.

British Reds and Anti-Catholicism

LONDON—Britain's Communists are currently using for their own purposes the anti-Catholic prejudices and bigotry which the Archbishop of Canterbury and some other Anglican bishops were misguided enough to revive earlier this year.

But whereas Dr. Fisher made his attacks in public (see AM. 6/29, p. 357), the Communists are using a whispering campaign which they direct against Catholics who are active in the trade-union movement.

Like the Anglicans, the Communists are in trouble. Following upon Russia's intervention in the Hungarian people's rising, they have to contend with disunity within their own ranks and increased hostility from without. So they are now trying to divert some of their unpopularity to the Catholics, whose influence in the unions has, on the basis of personal achievement, been increasing in recent years. Like the Anglican bishops, too, they resent Catholic successes in a sphere they regard as particularly their own.

Communists everywhere, of course, combat Catholicism when they can. But their tactic in Britain has for some years been to tread softly on this issue. Militant Irish workers can sometimes be used as allies during Communist-led strikes, and so, remembering that there are hundreds of thousands of them in British industry, they have tried to avoid unnecessarily alienating them. Moreover, in the name of "workers' unity," they have always denounced those who, in such places as Belfast, try to fan sectarian differences.

That is why their present campaign takes the form of innuendoes spread by crypto-Communists and fellow travelers rather than a frontal attack by known party members.

The tactic is simply to charge the Catholics, in so many words, with all the things of which they themselves have been accused. Catholics, the line goes, are out to capture the unions; they cannot be loyal members of the movement because they are directed by an "outside organization." This "tactic of confusion" can have some success, because easygoing people who are committed to

neither group are inclined to believe that this is just a case of the pot calling the kettle black, and so suspect both.

From Catholics who are active in the unions have come reports of their religion being used against them in a variety of ways. At a recent conference called by the Civil Service Clerical Association, delegates were coolly told by a crypto-Communist that "the trade-union movement is threatened by the 3 C's: Capitalism, Communism and Catholicism." The one thing that matters is that Catholicism should be made a dirty word in trade-union circles.

A non-Catholic organization established by trade unionists for combating communism is quietly being labeled "Catholic." Any reference to it brings the inevitable response: "As loyal trade unionists we should have nothing to do with such outside bodies."

When an election was being held in Scotland for an important position in the 800,000-strong Amalgamated Engineering Union, the anti-Communist John Boyd found that the Communist grapevine had spread the news that he was a Catholic. In fact, Boyd is an active member of the Salvation Army, but the "smear" probably cost him some votes in Calvinistic circles, though in the event, he was successful.

Leading the AEU as its president is W. J. Carron, a good Catholic who has reached the top because of his sheer worth as a trade-union leader. The London *Daily Worker* on September 27 published a long and bitter attack upon him written by Joe Scott, a leading Communist engineer. This was the nearest the party has come to bringing its campaign out into the open. Yet at no point was any direct reference made to Carron's Catholicism. Instead, the article was spiced with dark references to his membership in "an outside organization."

This may prove to be a two-edged weapon. Here and there the Communists' campaign may have some immediate success, but the long-term result is more likely to be that some apathetic Catholics in the unions will find themselves having to defend their faith—which is never a bad thing.

DOUGLAS HYDE

MR. HYDE, formerly a member of the Communist party, is a writer for the London Catholic Herald.

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What Price Scientific Research?

The Red satellite seems to have given rise to no end of comic remarks, some unconsciously so: from former Defense Secretary Wilson's characterization of it as a "nice little scientific trick," to Sherman Adams' basketball in the sky (wt. 184 lb.), to the President's claim he was not disturbed "one iota" (quickly belied by his actions), to Yankee Yogi Berra's "I always said that Lew Burdette was throwing that thing, didn't I?"

The only public figures who, to my mind, made sense in their comments were Vice President Nixon and the new Defense Secretary, Neil H. McElroy. These were epitomized by humorist George Dixon's Yiddish, "You don't buy a sputnik for nitnik." Have we really spent enough for ballistic missiles? The *Washington Post*, in a journalistic scoop, revealed that Mr. Wilson had cut grants for research in the field by 10 per cent, a figure verified with Mr. McElroy.

But what is research? A distinguished scientist at Georgetown University, Fr. Frederick W. Sohon, S.J., admonished me we should distinguish three phases. There is "basic research" properly so called, which goes on all the time in our colleges and universities without government subsidy: it is a spark in the brain and a gleam in the eye of the scientist, and has no visible, or

at least immediate, application. It is often a mathematical formula.

Then there is applied research, which consists of a selective quest into the basic scientists' ideas, and the possibility of a useful application. This seems to be what the journalists are wrongly calling "basic research." It may even result in a blueprint to be handed to the engineers. This research Mr. Wilson seemed to scorn and skimp on in the interests of budget economy. Yet out of this kind of secondary and empirical research came "Engine Charlie's" own internal-combustion engine; also the British invention of radar, ours of under-sea sonar, and of course of radio, TV, the airplane itself and to go back a bit, James Watt's steam engine.

Then comes the third phase: the engineering one. There may be, and often is, a long gap of time between the drawing board and the production line. It may be the narrowing of this gap that will be the real result of Queen Elizabeth's flamboyant visit and the quick follow-up visit of Prime Minister Macmillan.

Last winter I pointed out that British Defense Minister Duncan Sandys planted here the idea of pooling British research with our engineering skill and resources. The seed flowered at last in the President's toast to the Queen, a serious one to the effect that Nato is not merely a military alliance, but also cultural and scientific. This unification of European and American efforts—set off, it may well be, by the Queen's visit—may prove to be the free world's best chance of survival.

WILFRID PARSONS

Underscorings

THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING CLOTHING CAMPAIGN sponsored by the U. S. hierarchy will be conducted Nov. 24-30 under the direction of Catholic Relief Services-NCWC. Last year CRS-NCWC was enabled to ship almost 16.6 million pounds of clothing and blankets to people in need throughout the world. The final shipment of the 1956 collection—230,000 pounds of clothing valued at \$363,000—went to Poland, and was the first relief shipment to that country since 1950. Archbishop Francis P. Keough of Baltimore, chairman of NCWC's Administrative Board, in announcing the campaign, said that "need has not abated, but rather increased."

►MSGR. FREDERICK W. FREKING of the Diocese of Winona, Minn., has been appointed Bishop of Salina, Kan., in succession to Bishop Frank A. Thill, who died last June. Msgr. Freking was

serving as spiritual director of the seminarians at the North American College, Rome. The Salina Diocese, in northern and western Kansas, was formerly known as Concordia. It has a Catholic population of 44,450.

►REV. THOMAS W. WASSEL, of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, Philadelphia, was elected president of the U. S. National Conference of the Apostleship of the Sea at its meeting in New Orleans in October.

►THREE LAY faculty members of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J., were honored by the college at a convocation last month. The Bene Merenti Medal, in recognition of 20 years of teaching, was awarded to Stephen O'Malley, associate professor of biology; E. Vincent O'Brien, adjunct associate professor of English; and John J. Mullen, adjunct assistant professor of mathematics.

►THE MAGNIFICAT, national Catholic monthly of general interest, will celebrate with its November issue its 50th year of publication. Its roster of contributors contains names like Canon Sheehan, Robert Hugh Benson, William Thomas Walsh, Theodore Maynard, Joyce Kilmer.

►AMONG FIFTEEN AMERICANS decorated in Washington by Queen Elizabeth during her visit to this country was Rev. Edward J. Whelan, S.J., pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Santa Barbara, Calif. Fr. Whelan, a supporter of good Anglo-American relations, was made an honorary officer of the Order of the British Empire. He was formerly president of the University of San Francisco and also president of Loyola University, Los Angeles.

►TWO JESUIT SCIENTISTS will sail in November with an International Geophysical Year expedition to Antarctica. They are Fr. Henry F. Birkenauer, seismologist, of John Carroll University, Cleveland; and Fr. Edward A. Bradley, physicist, of Chicago. C. K.

Editorials

Niebuhr on Wyszynski

An editorial in this space last week discussed the counsels of patience that Cardinal Wyszynski gave to the students of Warsaw. By coincidence, Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary took the same point of departure for an article of his own in the October 21 *New Leader*. His reflections on this event went in a quite different direction.

The *New Leader* piece, entitled "The Cardinal and the Commissar," is not Dr. Niebuhr at his best. He must have been under last-minute pressure from editor Sol Levitas to send down something, anything, when he wrote such a sentence as this: "One must assume that neither the Cardinal nor the people know what freedom means in the Western tradition." This palpable absurdity is explainable only on the supposition that its distinguished author, perhaps recovering from the Asiatic flu, did not have a chance to reread, even to his cat, what he had written. From the time of Kosciusko to our day the Poles do not have to prove their understanding of what freedom is in the Western or any other tradition.

Professor Niebuhr is less concerned with the students than he is with suggesting all kinds of implications in the relations between Cardinal Wyszynski and Party Secretary Gomulka. Throughout his article he uses such expressions as "curious alliance," "mutual support," "virtual partner," and "curious partnership." He lets himself say, "Before we know it, Church and State [in Poland] will be as dependent on each other as they are in Spain. . . ." The facility with which this theologian, without betraying any discernible familiarity with the real situation, fits the Polish situation into preconceived patterns does him no credit as a political analyst.

Negro Reply to Communist Slanders

Paul Robeson, world famous Negro singer and actor, complains bitterly in *Ebony* magazine for October of the State Department's refusing him a passport. The reason for the refusal is plain enough. For many years past Mr. Robeson, embittered by racial injustices, has been cast in the role of a thoroughgoing Communist fellow-traveler. Whatever be his interior sentiments, he has played the part with indefatigable energy, but has met none of the success which was his when he once charmed world audiences in *Othello* and *The Emperor Jones*.

In 1949 Paul Robeson put on two great exhibitions in behalf of "freedom and peace," as understood by the late Joseph Stalin. In the spring of that year, he went

It is true that there is a sort of "agreement" between the Catholics and the present regime, based on a common peril from Moscow. But Professor Niebuhr is uncommonly eager to transform into an alliance all down the line what is not a treaty of peace but at most a partial armistice. Moreover, there is another sort of "agreement" of which he seems totally unaware. This is the mutual agreement to continue the ideological warfare, while refraining from political warfare.

One would have thought that the Cardinal's critic would applaud the Primate's decision to depoliticize the Church-State struggle in order to dedicate the Church's efforts to rebuilding the spiritual vigor of the Polish nation. Instead, he finds here proof of an unholy alliance of the Church with the State, bought, he implies, by promise of financial help.

Years ago Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary was criticized by some Protestants for his "intransigence" toward the Reds. Judging from the way the eminent contributor to the *New Leader* passes judgment on the Church in Poland, it is much to be feared that Cardinal Mindszenty, too, would have been taxed with having entered a "curious alliance" with Rakosi (and the parallel with Spain dragged in, too), had he taken the course he was criticized for not taking.

The article cited ends its hasty reflections on the student riots by envisaging a future in which "Poland will settle down to a condition of semi-freedom under the tutelage of a totalitarian political system and an authoritarian religion." Professor Niebuhr here expresses a kind of Blanshardism which, assuredly, is alien to his real mind. It just wasn't the professor's day to write. Let's leave it at that.

on a four-month singing and speaking tour of Europe, the climax of which came at a Soviet-controlled peace rally in Paris. There he assassinated the character of 15 million American Negroes by announcing that they would not fight the Soviet Union. Again, in Chicago, he urged delegates at a labor gathering to sign the Stockholm peace pledge and recognize the USSR as a friend to the masses everywhere. His conduct since then, as at the time of the Foley Square trials of Communist leaders for conspiracy, earned him decreasing consideration in the Negro press and the contempt of prominent champions of the Negro's share in the full rights of American citizens. A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, pointed out that

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Robeson could not claim to be leader of the Negroes, since he did not live with them, but showed up only at subversive rallies.

Hardly any individual in our times enjoyed such a matchless opportunity to represent to the world the talents and the claims of the American Negro as did Paul Robeson, this Rutgers graduate and football star who, incidentally, brought victory, 28-0, over Fordham on October 18, 1917. His endowments and attractive personality marked him as a prize capture in Stalin's eyes. But no hero's repudiation was more complete than that uttered in 1949 by Jackie Robinson, his fellow athletic star, who testified before the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities in ringing answer to Robeson's impugning of American Negro loyalty.

In its issue for September 24, the Houston (Texas) *Informer*, Negro weekly, sounds a similar repudiation. Says the editor:

If any deserting [of the Negro] were done, Paul Robeson did the deserting. If he had stayed out of the ideology fight, he could have been of great service to his race. We think of Marian Anderson, Jackie Robinson, Louis Armstrong, a host of others who have been loyal to their Government, and thus have secured the right to speak out with authority against injustices to their people.

Truth is, Robeson chose the wrong horse. He took his family to Moscow, put his boy in school for two years, vilified America and praised Russia. He slandered the American Negro by saying the Negro would not fight Russia.

We will continue to "fight injustice, fight for our rights," says the *Informer*. But when it comes to fighting for our country, we will join those who persecute us. Beyond all question this is the stand of America's 15 million Negroes. It is the strength and glory of our nation that this is so.

Inflation and the Employment Act

A rousing 4.6-million-share day, which saw the New York *Times* combined average of 50 stocks zoom 11.27 points—the biggest daily advance since November 14, 1929—restored on October 23 some of the shattered confidence in the canyons of Wall Street. The advance more than wiped out the huge losses of the two previous days and reduced the total October decline in stock values to about \$8 billion. With this figure in mind, as well as the steady slide over the past few months, one broker skeptically observed that the burden of proof still lay on the bulls. He meant by this that the underlying sentiment in the business community continued to be pessimistic.

ECONOMY TESTED

In the postwar era the stock market has not been a notably reliable indicator of economic trends, but it does remain a good enough barometer of business sentiment. Despite the rally last week, it seemed to be telling the country that the fever has gone out of the boom. The economy may not be receding, many businessmen moan, but it is certainly being tested. They no longer share the Federal Reserve Board's continuing preoccupation with the rise in the consumer price level.

In this spent atmosphere, the October issue of the *Guaranty Survey*, published by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, assumes something of the character of an anticlimax. The big Manhattan bank is worried to death about "creeping inflation." It wants the 85th Congress, as soon as it returns in January, to pass a law. More specifically, it wants Congress to approve the bill that Sen. Prescott S. Bush, himself a banker, introduced in the closing days of the first session. This bill takes dead aim at currency stabilization. It would amend the Employment Act of 1946 by making the leveling of living costs a primary goal of Federal economic policy. Should the Bush bill be passed, says the

Guaranty Survey very earnestly, it "could by itself distinguish the 85th Congress for constructive achievement."

At first sight there appears to be some exaggeration here. After all, aren't governments in the normal course of events supposed to maintain an honest currency? What does the Guaranty Trust think the Federal Reserve has been up to of late with its "tight-money" policy? What does it suppose the Administration has been economizing for and soft-pedaling recent talk of tax cuts?

These questions are, of course, rhetorical, since the men at Guaranty Trust are very familiar with all these matters. Nevertheless, they want a law. They want, as the *Survey* puts it, "an explicit statutory declaration" of the Government's duty to maintain a stable currency. They want this because this duty is, allegedly, not "universally accepted, understood and observed in practice."

GOVERNMENT AND LIVING COSTS

Whatever one may think of this proposal, it does reflect a conviction among some economists that the Employment Act is inadequate. It deals, they say, with only one of the two grave injustices in modern society, namely, the injustice of depression and unemployment. It ignores the other injustice—that of inflation and rising living costs, which inflict heavy hardship on people with fixed incomes. Though these economists concede that as yet they don't know how in a free economy to reconcile the goals of full employment and price stability, they hope that further study will reveal some way out of this dilemma.

There is no law, of course, against hoping, and the goal is certainly mandatory. We would add only a little word of warning: in striving to remove the injustice of inflation, great care must be exercised to avoid a return of what many consider the still graver injustice of deflation and depression.

Forty Years of Soviet Russia

John LaFarge

FORTY YEARS AFTER, it is still possible to recapture the mood of the Western world at the news that the Bolsheviks, the extremist wing of the Russian Socialist party, had seized power on November 6, 1917. The mood was a chilling sense of a turning point in the world's history. This was what Russia had finally come to, after eight months of turmoil following the collapse of the Tsarist autocracy the previous March.

"How long do you think the Bolsheviks will remain in power?" I remember asking the late Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., founder of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, not long after the news had broken. "For a hundred years," said Father Walsh. "Neither you nor I will live to see the end of it." Of the hundred years, forty have now passed, and the Bolshevik commentary upon that prediction is the *Sputnik*, the fellow-traveler satellite circling the globe fifteen times a day, writing in the sky the boast of Soviet Russia's scientific conquests.

Father Walsh's glance at the future, though that of a highly informed scholar, was but a guess. If we can do anything to prevent its coming fully true, if the people of the free world can still do their part toward liberating the long-suffering human race from the incubus of politically organized atheism, we shall need to plot the future through more intensive study of the lessons of the past.

Two very obvious questions occur on such an anniversary. How did the second Russian Revolution come about? And what significance do these events carry for the present?

I have said Second Revolution, since we too easily forget the story of the short-lived first Russian revolution that preceded it, the revolution of 1905. This came as the result of the crushing defeat the Tsarist forces had suffered at the hands of Japan in that year: the fall of Port Arthur, the battle of Mukden and the overwhelming naval defeat in the Battle of Tsushima, followed by the humiliating Peace of Portsmouth on September 5. We forgot the wide geographic sweep of that 1905 revolution, as well as the opportunity it gave the yet unknown Lenin to study its mode of operation, to gauge its strong and weak points. It was, in Lenin's words, a "dress rehearsal."

FATHER LAFARGE, S.J., is an associate editor of AMERICA.

Khrushchev's dethroning of Stalin has had the effect of restoring to its former dominance the vivid figure of V. I. Ulianov, alias Lenin, who, as an exile, manipulated the strings for the second revolution while pacing the streets of Zurich in Switzerland. From the moment, on April 16, 1917, that Lenin stepped out of the sealed car in which he had traveled by rail across Europe, and was met by a delegation at Petrograd's Finland Station, he took absolute command of the chaos of demoralization that was the consequence of the World War and the collapse of Tsarist power. He rode the tempest until the fateful November hours when, as unquestioned holder of supreme authority, he issued his first official orders from Bolshevik headquarters in Petrograd's Smolny Institute.

Says William H. Chamberlin, in his two-volume *The Russian Revolution* (Macmillan, 1935):

Lenin's historical greatness is to be found not in creative originality of thought, but in his unrivalled ability to transmute an existing system of economic and philosophic thought into a programme of militant action. He combined in truly extraordinary measure all the traits of character that are indispensable in a revolutionary leader. . . . Lenin's personal life reflects the spare austerity, the single-minded concentration that are so characteristic of his writing and thought.

Yet, says Chamberlin, he was subject to strong nervous agitation. There was nothing of the Bohemian in his tastes and character.

FACTORS IN THE LANDSLIDE

The most striking feature of the Bolshevik coup in Petrograd, says Chamberlin, was its "relative bloodlessness." Lenin found ready to his hand all the ingredients necessary for overthrowing the past and for consolidating the future. The first of these was the deplorable condition of the Russian army. It was poorly organized; it was poorly armed and equipped; it suffered from the incompetence, ignorance and stupidity of its leaders. To put such a force in the field against the well-armed, well-trained and highly efficient German Army was to invite disaster.

Other ingredients in the vast demoralization are obvious enough. Contemporary historians, Russian and

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non-Russian alike, agree in describing the enormous gulf that existed between the "intelligentsia"—who might be roughly termed the professional and cultivated classes, rather than what we call intellectuals—and the masses of the people. They had no contact with the bitterly resentful factory workers, and the silent, patient, yet inwardly explosive peasantry.

The mutiny of the Russian army was accompanied by another great social revolutionary movement: the seizure of the landed estates by the peasantry. The army was that of a naturally pacific, war-hating people. The peasants did not share our Western concept of private property. They looked upon the land as essentially God's land, which was always held in unjust detention when seized by wealthy landlords.

These two movements, the revolt of the army and the peasants, says Chamberlin,

have much in common and proceed with very similar rhythm. Both the desire of the soldiers to cease fighting and the desire of the peasants to possess themselves of the land of their richer neighbors had behind them an ultimately irresistible measure of mass support.

Writes Prof. Michael T. Florinsky of Columbia University in his sober estimate, *The End of the Russian Empire* (Yale University Press, 1931):

Beneath the thin layer of refined European culture one could feel the subdued, heavy breathing of the millions of peasants, inarticulate, ignored and often forgotten in their snow-clad cottages in the immensity of the Russian plains. . . .

The war—the losses in men, territory and wealth, the economic hardship, the flagrant impotence of the ruling clique when faced with crisis, the degeneration of autocracy itself—all brought to the top the powers of discontent and social antagonism which had been gathering beneath the ominously quiet and peaceful surface.

GROWTH OF A COLOSSUS

What has the subsequent history of Marxist Russia proved, over and beyond a part of Father Walsh's disquieting prediction? Answers to this question are, of course, innumerable, and they depend not only on one's objective attitude, but also upon one's particular approach.

We have never fully clarified, for instance, the exact relation between the purity of Leninist-Marxist dogma and the basic world-power philosophy, the geopolitics, of the Soviet state. Is the Communist theory a mere, though exceedingly apt, tool of geopolitics? Or is the original doctrinaire spirit of world control—which Lenin, amid his myriad domestic Russian governmental cares, never let slip from his grasp—still the ultimately controlling force?

In any case, the spread and the permanence of the Soviet regime have proved beyond doubt its extraordinary toughness as well as its paradoxical flexibility. It can always reverse itself. It can adapt itself to new circumstances. It can drop for the time being ardently sought goals. It can mask itself in numberless attractive

disguises, and there are no limits to its intrigues and infiltrations; it calls for equally unceasing vigilance on our part.

Four decades of intense concentration on anti-religious education—subtle or brutal, as the need might be—have nevertheless failed to uproot religion entirely from the souls of the Russian people. Catholicism is banned, save for token representation in Moscow and Leningrad; but the Eastern Orthodox faith still maintains its massive juridical and liturgical structure, and certain Evangelical bodies still exist.

On its fortieth anniversary, Soviet Russia, boasting of its prizes in research and the glamour of scientific achievements, poses for us a peculiarly searching question. How can the free world—the world of democracy, the world of religious faith and principle—provide the conditions for such research and achievement? Can they compare with those offered by the Soviet Government's driving patronage and the training that begins almost with the cradle? Can our motivation—academic, professional, industrial, military—compare with the apocalyptic vision, held out by the Marxian philosophy: man's ultimate total conquest of all the forces and secrets of nature?

CHRISTIAN ANSWER

A broad, more or less philosophic answer to such a query is easy enough. But a convincing answer must be pragmatic as well as theoretical. It is not enough to reply that the Christian culture of the West favors the advancement of scientific knowledge; to say that it looks benignly upon all forms of genuine scientific research. It is not enough—though most necessary—to insist that our Christian faith honors pure scientific advance as a precious human possession, as a wise use of man's sacred faculties. On this point our present Holy Father has amply reassured us in various discourses. The question that faces us here today in the United States is how all this wisdom is to be translated into action.

The rapid unfolding of basic research is not, of course, anything like the total answer to the diabolical menace of communism. An essential part of that answer depends on the effectiveness of all else that we undertake to do, especially in the purely religious field. At present the material conditions for engaging outstanding talent in the long, arduous discipline of research are, by and large, still far from favorable. The spiritual motivation is still badly obscured by the unspiritual, materialistic attitude taken—persistently but irrelevantly—by some (but by no means all) of our great scientists in the past and even in the present.

Moreover, the point is as yet not sufficiently grasped that the Soviet Union's program of effective and far-reaching scientific research is not confined to the natural sciences, but extends far into the human or social sciences as well. In short, the



Communists are concerned, logically concerned, with all that is comprehended in the totality of man's existence.

If we are to combat their influence successfully, our job is to inspire ourselves and our generation with the same universal interest in man's totality, as well as in all that concerns the world milieu in which man has his being. If such a concern is to lift itself off the ground, if it is not merely to degenerate into an encyclopedic pan-owliness, it must be fused into a great, unified, internally correlated effort in the fields of knowledge

and morals in relation to revealed truth. It must in the last analysis be inspired by a living faith: the sense of the Creator of mankind working out man's destiny in the universe.

Lenin, for all his bonhomie and common sense, says Chamberlin, hated man. The answer to Lenin's spirit is that of love for man and for God's world, which is our world—a love that says Amen to God's love for man. That may be a principal lesson of the Soviets' fortieth anniversary.

Music Has Also a Muse

Michael Bowles

LEADING MUSICIANS IN ENGLAND were engaged sixty years ago in an effort to interest public opinion in favor of permanent musical establishments. At that time, orchestras were no more than panels of players drawn upon for concerts as the occasion arose, and there was no first-class repertory opera or no established annual season.

One of the leading figures in the agitation was Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who was then director of the Royal College of Music. He complained that, of the European countries with any pretense to civilization, England was the only one that did not maintain at least one opera house or a permanent orchestra.

Sir Charles pointed out that the other arts were reasonably well catered for. There was the British Museum; there were art galleries and libraries in all the important cities and towns; but there was nothing of a permanent nature for music. He further remarked that in European countries, when they mentioned the arts, they automatically included music. He took note of the English phrase "music and the arts," and wondered why, in England and in English-speaking countries, the phrase was in such common usage. He wondered whether, in English-speaking areas, they really thought of music as being one of the arts.

I was reminded of all this upon reading Russell Kirk's excellent article "The Passing of the Patron" in the September 21 AMERICA. In the course of an interesting comparison of the state of patronage of the arts as it formerly existed and as it is now, he did not consider the question of music.

The truth is that music needs more patronage than the other arts. When a painting or a piece of sculpture

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or a literary work is finished, the form and detail are finally fixed. To receive the artist's communication, the reader or the viewer needs no more than the requisite diligence. In music, a composer sets down certain symbols which record his thoughts with *almost* complete accuracy; but before the communication is complete, he needs the intuition and the understanding and the executive skill of the performers. Music needs not only patronage at the source (patronage of the composer) but it also needs patronage at the outlet (patronage of the performer).

MUSIC DOES NOT PLAY ITSELF

Outside the theatre, no significant composer ever earned his living directly from his work. The patronage and the support necessary to him came from personages with a taste for music who were able to spend money indulging that taste. It is true that many wealthy people in the United States spend much money on other things than yachts and country estates, but many do not feel themselves competent to spend such money wisely. They confine themselves to setting up foundations or to writing checks for musical institutions managed by others. In writing checks they are indeed performing what is a most important and much-appreciated public service; but we may hope it is not altogether ungrateful to suggest that writing a check does not constitute the whole act of patronizing an artist and his work.

In this very large and very wealthy country, there is no important composer just now whose circumstances permit him to give his whole time to composition, as was possible, for instance, for the late Jan Sibelius—whose country, by comparison, is very small and very poor. To borrow a metaphor from football, a composer has no one to run interference for him. He must be aggressive and concentrate more on making an immediate impression on those around him than on the ultimate aim of making the goal line. Especially if he is a young

composer, and therefore most in need of help and encouragement, he must concentrate on the techniques of making an impression on a cautious foundation functionary, or on a busy and commercially-minded publisher, or on an equally busy and equally commercially-minded concert organizer. If he gets as far as a performance in good circumstances, he will be conscious of the need to impress a busy and distracted music critic who frequently sets forth for publication a final and definitive judgment on a piece of music twenty minutes after he has heard it for the first time.

We need not be surprised, therefore, at the tendency toward anxiety neurosis which may be detected in so many modern composers and in their music. We need not be surprised at the slightly hysterical aggressiveness of composers' societies, or at the strident and startling combinations of tone which characterize so much of the music they commend to the decent, well-intentioned, conservative and slightly dazed public. Instead of working steadily toward an accurate expression of his musical attributes, possible only with the regular, reliable support of loyal and informed patrons, the composer has "gotta move fast" to get anywhere at all.

TRYING TO BE HEARD

It is not necessary here, of course, to go over the ground so excellently covered in Dr. Kirk's article, but it may be interesting to consider one or two effects of the "passing of the patron" on the art of music. For example, chamber music, *musica da camera*, has been mostly conceived of as entertainment for a small group of people, such as might be accommodated in a moderately large room. It seems reasonable to suggest that the performance of, say, a Haydn quartet in a large concert-hall before two or three thousand people is something of an anomaly and leads to a misunderstanding of the true nature of the music.

Anyone who gives lectures will agree that the quality of the thought, the choice of phrase and the style of delivery are conditioned by the size and quality of the audience. Little allusive intimations, asides and other decorations are waste of time if attempted before a large audience; while rhetoric in the grand manner, rolling periods and thunderous perorations come perilously near the ridiculous if attempted before a small group.

Nowadays many performers, whatever their medium, seem to seek bigness of tone. Concert pianists, for instance, seem to have developed a brittle, scintillating brilliance and we have come to expect to be dazzled by a sort of mechanical technical achievement rather than charmed by the reflection and discursiveness that are the mark of so much beauty in music. Instead of real music, we are so often treated, by composers and performers alike, to a piece of virtuosity comparable to a trapeze act.

Given a Brahms with a widely established reputation, anyone can publish him successfully. Given a Toscanini, a first-class orchestra and a few Rossini confections, anyone can organize a successful musical occasion, whether it be a recording or a concert. But to help develop a large, young and unformed talent, or to keep

an experienced artist working happily at his peak, requires perceptive, wise, generous and disinterested patronage. And such patronage, as Dr. Kirk so rightly observes, is something that has almost disappeared from the world of art.

Since the Fall of Man, this earth has been a pretty imperfect place for everyone; and it is difficult, to say the least, to determine whether it is getting better or worse. In any case, there is no turning back the clock; and the day of the private patron is almost gone. But if the old-style patron is no more, the need of patronage for the artist still exists, and the patronage must come from some other source. It is difficult to make suggestions, because so many obvious ones point toward an expenditure on art from public funds; which, as every schoolboy knows, is incompatible with the principle of non-interference with the ruggedness of individuals. We may notice, however, that in Finland, which is not exactly a Communist country, Jan Sibelius was supported from state funds; and Jan Sibelius was a pretty rugged individualist in his day.

The inauguration of a President of the United States of America might be deemed equally worthy of commemoration by commissioning a new symphony. The consecration of a bishop or the elevation of a Cardinal might provide occasion for a new setting of the Ordinary of the Mass, to be performed by a first-class choir under the direction of a fully trained and adequately remunerated choir director.

It is not uncommon to find university professors who hold their appointments because of what they are and not because of what they do directly for the university. There are professors who never give lectures or, at most, one or two in the year. It may be possible to extend this practice to the music world by supporting an important composer or two. We might expect the result to be at least as useful and beneficial to the community as, say, an H-bomb.

All Hallows Eve

There are children ringing bells tonight
And as I go with candy in my hand
To answer them, the kerosene is bright
On pumpkins in my garden where they stand.
And here's a witch, and here's a ghost, and who
Is this, without a sheet or chain or broom,
Saying nothing, looking much like you
And moving softly toward my autumn room?

More than children ring the bells tonight.
Poor souls, poor souls are out, are everywhere:
But I have not forgotten you, my wight,
My father, brother in this killing air:
Why do you come without a mask or hood,
Begging Masses, when you knew I would?

LEONARD McCARTHY

The Sodality in America: 1957

Tennant C. Wright

THE ADULT SECTION of the Summer School of Catholic Action (SSCA—the annual workshop for the Sodality movement in America) closed its five-day session in New York on September 7. The work of the 600 collegian and post-college participants was characterized by a conscious determination to solve some of the problems that face today's lay apostles. Through mature discussion they clarified some important questions and began to feel out the answers: practical methods of forming and sustaining dedicated workers in the lay apostolate, the place of the layman in the prayer life of the Church, the most fruitful fields for apostolic effort, etc.

None of those present were rash enough to think that after the five days all the problems of the lay apostolate had been solved, or even that there were ready answers for many of the problems. But as the 600 young Catholic Actionists compared a few final ideas and said good-by on the last day, the tone of their voices and the caliber of their ideals left no doubt that the spirit of the Sodality in America had changed during the past decade. Something had happened. Somewhere in those ten years a basic change had taken place in Sodality thinking. A look at that change, at its causes and possible significance, should prove enlightening to all who have at heart the spread of Christ's kingdom in America.

Fifteen years ago I was "inducted" into one of those huge high-school Sodalities so common and accepted at the time. I remember very little about it. However, what I do remember is that there were many members like myself, many who belonged to the Sodality in name only, who neither lived the Sodality way of life nor knew what it was all about. There were literally hundreds of us in this Sodality. But about the interior life, the lay apostolate—the backbone of Catholic Action—we knew virtually nothing.

Six years later, one of the representatives at an inter-collegiate Sodality conference blandly remarked that her Sodality was nearly coextensive with the college student body. It came out afterwards that the officers of this Sodality were in fact something of a Student Council, performing many of the functions of student government. Anyone not belonging to such a Sodality would be *ipso facto* ostracized from student government. Obviously, though bearing the name of Sodality, such an organization could not be selective or create in

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its members the Sodality mentality, and hence could not function as a true Sodality.

Undoubtedly there are still organizations like these. But no one who caught the tone of the SSCA would call them real Sodalities. What is the force behind this astonishing re-evaluation of Sodality aims and achievements?

RECALL TO TRADITION

In September, 1948, Pope Pius XII wrote *Bis Saeculari*, an Apostolic Constitution on the Sodality of our Lady. This document, carrying the solid enthusiasm and theological insight of the Pope, has been the chief factor in maturing the Sodality spirit in America. The Holy Father reasserted the high aims of the Sodality in regard both to the Sodalists' interior lives and to their apostolate:

The Sodalities of our Lady, as their Church-approved rules proclaim, are associations *thoroughly filled with an apostolic spirit*. While they spur on their own members to holiness, sometimes to the *very heights*, Sodalities likewise labor under the direction of their spiritual shepherds to bring about the Christian perfection and eternal salvation of others also and to safeguard the rights of the Church. Furthermore, they develop tireless servants of the Virgin Mother of God and *fully-trained propagators of the Kingdom of Christ*. (Emphasis added)

Since the day of their promulgation these words have been taken seriously. For those in charge, who have caught fire from the spark struck by the Pope, it has meant a battle—and one which still continues—recruiting, instructing, encouraging "those who are not at all satisfied with leading a common ordinary life," as Pius XII has put it. To prune the dead wood, to keep only those who have seen the vision of dedication to Catholic Action within their state of life—this is the Pope's demand. And it is being heeded.

For the Sodality, *Bis Saeculari* has sounded a fresh call; or, rather, it was a recall to the centuries-old Sodality ideals. These ideals have always demanded—though they have not always been heeded—a definite spiritual life program (the liturgy and sacraments, mental and vocal prayer, spiritual direction, etc.) adapted to the conditions of each member, and keyed to Catholic Action in his particular milieu.

Action, the apostolate, is vitally important: both the personal apostolate of the individual Sodalist, and also (and most typical of the Sodality) the organizational

apostolic Body.
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apostolate, utilizing the powerful unity of the Mystical Body. The apostolate of the group to its milieu, arising from a definite spiritual life program, characterizes the Sodality.

It is a "way of life," a vocation for the layman, a vocation within a vocation. The Sodality provides the layman with a definite spirituality, within the context of, and compatible with, his lay life. It is a spirituality tried by centuries of Catholic living, approved and reapproved by the Popes, and flexible enough to adapt to the mid-20th-century pace. The SSCA testifies that that adaptation is in process today.

GROWTH OF ADULT SODALISTS

In view of the adult orientation of *Bis Saeculari*, it is appropriate that Fr. James J. McQuade, S.J., has been appointed National Director of Sodalities in the United States. Before his appointment Father McQuade had for years been the director of the nationally recognized John Carroll University Sodality. He understands the crucial importance of adult Sodalists slowly trained and matured through four years of college Sodality. He has worked with such Sodalists. He knows their potential. It comes as no surprise, then, when, as National Director, he announces that there is a growing shift in emphasis from high-school to adult Sodalities—the focus of immediate attention being men's Sodalities on the college and parish levels.

The ferment of Catholic Action in colleges today is significant. It is significant of a like ferment which will continue to grow in postcollegiate, adult life in the years to come. So also the current growth and deepening of the Sodality spirit on the college level signifies that the Sodality in the United States is taking itself seriously as an adult organization of lay spirituality.

Ten years ago, professional and parish Sodalities with a spirit of life-long dedication to the kingdom of Christ were almost unknown. Today adult *Bis Saeculari* Sodalities are spreading rapidly: Cleveland, New York, San Francisco, and elsewhere. And with the present corps of formed Sodalists leaving college, who can set a limit to the work that may be accomplished by the adult Sodalities of tomorrow?

Even the name "Sodality" is beginning to take on a new meaning in American Catholic Action. Rather than the huge, amorphous high-school and even grammar-school Sodalities with which the word was once associated, "Sodality" is now more apt to call up the image of one of the apostolically effective and deeply spiritual collegiate and postcollegiate Sodalities now found from New York to California.

After attending a recent Sodality study day at the University of Detroit, Catherine DeHueck Doherty, the great lay apostle of Friendship House and, since then, Madonna House, wrote enthusiastically of the new Sodality:

But the heart of my joy was to see the new approach to Sodalities. Gone was the old lackadaisical grouping of adults and youth under a somewhat limp banner of our Lady. . . . Gone also were the "social accents," which transformed the usual parish

or school sodality into just another "social club," with accent on dancing and parties.

Yes, all this was gone. Alleluia!

Its place was taken by a deep, abiding understanding of what a Sodality really is, and what it means to be a Sodalist, a child of Mary. There is now a serious probationary term which gives the beginnings of a spiritual formation. The accents are all on that spiritual formation. It is not easy now to be a Sodalist.

To speak of college Sodalists today is to speak of men and women devoted to a divine vocation, a student "way of life," in which six or more hours a week given to organized apostolic activity is the norm. The sodality has changed. The leaven of *Bis Saeculari* is at work.

Donald J. Thorman, in "Lay Life with God" (AM. 1/26/57), pleaded for a distinctively lay spirituality, one which is not just "a watered-down clerical approach to spirituality," and one which will guide the layman along the perilous tightrope of apostolic immersion in the world. "A generation of spiritually starved lay people are asking for divine bread," says Mr. Thorman. "Who will give it to them?"

"VARIETIES OF GIFTS"

This bread can come from many different sources. There is no reason why there shouldn't be as various an assortment of lay spiritualities as there are religious spiritualities. The Holy Spirit has manifold works to be accomplished by the apostolic layman as well as by the cleric and religious. It is reasonable to suppose He will be as generous with spiritualities for the layman as He has been for the religious.

One layman may find in a Secular Institute the spirituality to make him a most effective divine instrument; for another, some phase of the Jocist movement might better fit his temperament and circumstances; or the Legion of Mary; or a Third Order; or the Sodality.

All these organizations are geared to the layman; some fit one layman better than another. But all of them, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, are making the effort to adapt themselves dynamically to the life of the American layman and to the needs of the modern apostolate.

I have stressed the Sodality because I see in its current maturing a sign of the times for Catholic Action: a sign that something is being done for the layman, that the Church and the Pope are profoundly aware of laymen's needs and of their zeal and tremendous potential for sanctity.

Zealous Catholic laymen should feel great hope. They ought to weigh their talents and education, their obligations, health and place of residence. They ought to pray and ponder, even as a religious does in picking his vocation. If they are seriously interested in a lay apostolate emanating from a lay spirituality, they can find a way of life fully compatible with their conditions in the world. It may not be an easy way; the way of sanctity seldom is. It may mean that they must help to mold the spirituality of which they become a part. But in some form of Catholic Action the Spirit of God is waiting for them.

World Catholic Press

HECHOS Y DICHOS (Apartado 243, Zaragoza), "U. S. Catholics," by Adrián Zulueta, Aug.-Sept., pp. 578-585.

In this essay a Spaniard gives us his impressions of what the Church has accomplished in the United States. He has frank praise for our clergy and nuns, as well as for the typically American directness of their apostolic efforts; Bishop Sheen's TV appearances and Father Flanagan's Boys Town are examples that strike him particularly. He notices, too, the layman's knowledge of his faith, and remarks on the thorough instruction that is given converts in this country.

It is gratifying to find in a visitor so human an understanding of the complexities that underlie our racial tensions. This author sympathetically treats the problem and discusses steps being taken by Catholics to cope with it. He appears to envy us our freedom under the Constitution, which "for the sake of peace, not in a spirit hostile to all religion, proclaims the separation of Church and State."

THE MONTH (114 Mount St., W.1, London), "The Wilder Shores of Christianity," by Thomas Pakenham, Sept., pp. 146-152.

Here we have a traveler's-eye view of the Ethiopian Monophysite Christians, together with some theological reflections on them. Westerners find their great numbers of monks and priests surprising and even disturbing; their ignorance, both cultural and theological, strikes us as deplorable. Together with many genuinely religious people—like the hermit whom the author visited in his cave—there are other less worthy individuals, whose faith is only skin-deep.

However, this account of a visit to the Christians of Abyssinia leaves the reader hopeful, too, because it states that an improvement has already been begun in ecclesiastical discipline and that reunion with Rome is still possible.

DOKUMENTE (Worriingerstr. 11, Cologne), "Spain and European Unification," by José Miguel de Azaola, Aug., pp. 313-319.

Ever since her "Great Century"—the 16th—Spain has lived apart from the main current of life in Europe. During the past hundred years, as a result of three civil wars, she has been further withdrawn and abides in a constant state of convalescence. Today, however, a new tendency is being felt: she is compelled to decide whether or not to join the federative projects of Europe: Euratom, the Common Market, etc.

This is a new prospect for Spaniards to consider and it is not certain that she will decide to join her neighbor nations. Would she, as weakest member in the new economic groupings, be the victim of the rest? The author seems to favor Spain's unqualified entrance into the common economic life of Europe, and (to some extent) even into her common political life as well.

MILES CHRISTI (Carrera 15, No. 28-24, Bogotá), "U. S. Catholics and Protestantism in Brazil," by Most Rev. Agnelo Rossi, June, pp. 15-21.

Of all Latin Americans, Brazilians know Protestantism best, for Protestants in Brazil amount to half their total in South America.

By comparison with other Latin Americans, writes Bishop Rossi, Catholics in Brazil are very friendly toward the United States. However, certain problems come between them and the United States. For example, U. S. Protestant agencies are underwriting the expenses of most of the 570 Brazilian students who studied here last year; U. S. Catholic colleges can count only 44 Brazilians. Brazilian Catholics are disturbed by this Protestant penetration, and wish U. S. Catholic universities and colleges could make more scholarships available.

Then, too, Protestant missionaries have come to Brazil in increased numbers since the Korean war. Many of these missionaries, representing fringe sects of Protestantism in Brazil, are outrageously offensive in their wild charges against the Catholic Church. This foments anti-American feelings in Brazil.

Brazilians would appreciate increased contacts with Catholic lecturers from

this country; they are eager to learn about the life of the Church here: schools, press, social works. They would be glad to use, in translation, the catechetical material that we have developed; they would welcome U. S. Catholic missionaries, religious or lay.

VITA E PENSIERO (Piazza San Ambrogio 9, Milan), "The Arab World and We," by Luigi Arduini, Aug., pp. 560-570.

Eighty million Arabs speak a common language; they are proudly aware that 170 million other human beings profess their religion of Islam.

In the 20th century, according to this author, no nation will ever have such power over the Arabs as Britain had during the 19th century. U. S. economic and military aid may achieve the negative good of preventing a social and political chaos on which communism would capitalize, he thinks, but it can hardly achieve more than that. He quotes Walter Lippmann to the effect that there will be a U. S.-Soviet stalemate for a long time, and that the Arab world will utilize it, in true Oriental style, to remain independent.

FRANKFURTER HEFTE (Leipziger Str. 17, Frankfurt am Main), "A Church of Women?" by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Sept., pp. 611-621.

"The great scandal of our times," says this writer, "is the absence of men from the Church." Women's fidelity in Church activities and in the practice of their external religious duties has given to certain devotions and even sacramentals a cast of femininity which serves to keep men alienated from the Church. Church art and hymns, for instance, have tended in the last century to be sentimental rather than intellectual-feminine rather than masculine. The surplice and cassock were once typical masculine garments; masculine taste today gags at them. Even certain prevalent Jansenistic attitudes toward sex reflect feminine values.

If the Church is to remain truly catholic, in the sense of equally vital and accessible to both sexes, perhaps something should be done, he suggests, to counteract the overemphasis on the feminine element in the Church's exterior life.

EUGENE K. CULHANE

O'Neill Redivivus

Louis F. Doyle

WHAT WITH TWO NEW PLAYS and a revival, as well as a musicalized version of *Anna Christie*, and a recent biography coauthored by his son Shane, Eugene O'Neill is very much with us once again. Also, the ivy of legend is creeping rapidly up the rugged walls of his remote, aloof personality, much of it of his own planting. Perhaps it would be well to discover the real man before he is completely hidden from view. He has said that he learned nothing from Professor Baker's playwriting course at Harvard, that the only dramatist who ever influenced him was the Swedish Strindberg, that he never read a line of Freud. But—to rebut his first claim—geniuses, like self-made men, are notoriously reluctant to acknowledge a debt. As for the second, there is no discernible resemblance of any of his plays to Strindberg's. The third may be true, but any gifted Freudian might have written *Emperor Jones*.

SON UNLIKE FATHER

Somewhere, he tells a very revealing anecdote about his father, James O'Neill. Back in the days when the Provincetown Players were defiantly performing his early plays, his father came up to see some of them. After a decent interval, Eugene asked, "well, what do you think?" "Oh," said his father, "they're all right, I suppose. But *nothing happens*."

That was, and is, a just comment on such juvenilia as *Beyond the Horizon*, *Different*, and *The Dreamy Kid*. His gifted son had not yet mastered the use of his tools, nor had he anything important to say. To his father, drama meant action, plenty of it, and much of it physical; spirited dialog was only a necessary aid. *Monte Cristo*, for instance. Eugene was riding the tide of the "new drama" fathered by G. Bernard Shaw and others, the "drama of ideas" that turned the stage into a lecture platform, a debating rostrum, a propaganda medium, a psychological clinic, anything but the arena of the human spirit it had once been. To discuss the relative merits of the two views would be purely academic now. *De facto*, Eugene's kind of drama won out.

To this writer it is deplorable that O'Neill ever saw fit to write *A Long Day's Journey into Night* or *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, both intimate studies of his own family. Doctors consider it unethical to treat members of their own families. Many priests avoid becoming spiritual counselors to their own relatives. I think creative writers are too close to their relatives to see them as they really are.

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Thus it is impossible to accept the portrait O'Neill drew of his father in *A Long Day's Journey*. He dwells unceasingly on his father's parsimoniousness, for which he blames every misfortune of the family except his own tuberculosis. Yet it appears that James O'Neill patiently, uncomplainingly supported his two sons long after they were old enough and able enough to support themselves. He provided the best of care for his wife, a drug addict of long standing. He is accused of sacrificing a career as a truly great actor for the sake of money. But by Eugene's standards, there were no great plays or great roles on the American stage before 1920, excepting the well-worn Shakespearean roles. And it is a matter of public record that James O'Neill proved over a long period of years that he was a splendid performer of these great parts. No less a witness than Edwin Booth, of whose company he was a member and with whom he alternated in certain parts, stated publicly that O'Neill was his superior as Othello, Iago or Cassius.

But he became owner of a play he was destined to make immortal, a play his son considered inferior, *The Count of Monte Cristo*. For the last twenty years of his life he played nothing else, because the public would accept him in nothing else. Like Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*, William Gillette in *Sherlock Holmes*, Denman Thompson in *The Old Homestead* and Walter Kelly in *The County Judge*, he became captive to one part. No doubt the play was profitable, but is it wonderful if he valued money? At the age of ten he had to go to work in an iron foundry, where he worked long hours for a wage that today would be considered a miserable pittance. He learned the bitter value of an earned dollar, something his sons never learned.

The writer saw James O'Neill in what may well have been his last performance as Edmond Dantès. He was then over sixty, but his physique was that of a man of thirty. A little below medium height but superbly proportioned, with a commanding, melodious voice and the grace of a panther, he was a master of what was then known as "eloquence," the perfect exemplification of Hamlet's instructions to the players. He carried his audience with him, always two leaps ahead of it. And this was the man who, his son thought, "might have been a great actor."

A Moon for the Misbegotten, built about his older brother, now the inheritor of his father's property, is unreal to the verge of fantasy. O'Neill's worst besetting fault, a love for bad poetry in prose form, runs through it like a recurrent rash. An amusing first act cannot redeem the rest of it.

Technically, structurally, as sheer stagecraft his

masterpiece is *Emperor Jones*. It is flawless. Theme, tone, mood, setting, pace, fuse into a perfect piece of orchestration whose finale is searing irony. The rapid disintegration of a primitive type with a slight veneer of civilization under the impact of the most demoralizing force in life, sheer animal fear induced by superstition, is like the slow peeling of an onion, layer by layer, till the core is reached. The progress is backward through Jones' personal experiences, then through tribal experiences, back to the Congo witch doctor. The arrogant product of an alien civilization, who thought himself civilized, discovers that he is not far removed from the jungle. He dies at the edge of the forest, having traveled in a circle. The waiting natives are fully convinced that their voodoo has wrought this triumph. The crescendo of the tom-toms harmonizes with the increasing brevity of the eight scenes.

His next best is *The Hairy Ape*, a powerful, simple confrontation of the opposing forces of labor and capital. The spearheads are the Yank and the vicious, spoiled daughter of the shipowner. Down in the hold of the luxury liner, as top shoveler of the coal that drives the Leviathan on its way, the Yank can feel important, even indispensable—he "belongs." He feels a lofty contempt for the pampered horde on the upper decks, who are unaware of his existence. It is only when he meets, accidentally, the prowling daughter of the shipowner and she screams, "You hairy ape!" that he sees himself as he appears to her world. It is like the bite of a rattlesnake. The poison drives him to madness. He meets his death at the zoo in the grip of a hairier ape than himself, a death he deliberately courts. The play points forward to *The Iceman Cometh*, whose message is: man cannot look on naked truth and live; take away man's illusions and you destroy him. It recalls Dostoevski's *Grand Inquisitor*.

It is quite possible that when the powerful Theatre Guild adopted O'Neill as its official dramatist, it went to his head a bit. He began to "think big." We got *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. The first is an interminable saga (wordiness was his second besetting sin) that might have been compressed into three acts with room to spare. It is only a love story with an unethical slant, and he does not handle a love story deftly. In the second, he tries to superimpose the machinery of Greek drama on the New England milieu. As a play, it has its merits; as an attempt to engraft Greek dramaturgy on American, it was stillborn. Between the Greek mind and the Anglo-Saxon, a gulf is fixed and will never be bridged.

G. K. Chesterton once said: "For a man who has had the public ear as long as G. B. Shaw has had it, he has influenced the public mind less than any writer I know of." It is in order to ask what influence O'Neill has had, not on the public mind, which he seldom reached, but on his contemporary dramatists and their successors. To call the roll: Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, George Kelly, Paul Green, John Howard Lawson, George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Elmer L. Rice, Robert Emmet Sherwood. Not one of them left his own path to follow O'Neill into the stratosphere of ex-

pressionism and gigantism. They presented the changing American scene without abandoning traditional technique.

It is pleasant to remember here that O'Neill once paused long enough to prove that he could write rousingly funny comedy. *Ah, Wilderness!* reconstructed the world of pre-World War I days, when *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* and Swinburne's poems were considered, by apprehensive parents, the devil's choicest brew. After a series of soap-opera perils that look fearful in retrospect, the ark of a middle-class Midwestern family is brought safely to harbor. It is a play that Booth Tarkington might have written. It is a nostalgic play of the age of innocence that antedated Prohibition, gangsterism, boom-and-bust and other such horrors.

Just when O'Neill abandoned the Catholic religion is not clear, but it could not have been long after his baptism. His ignorance of it is profound. Indeed his whole education, his formal schooling, was scanty and scrappy. A year at Princeton, with a year in Professor Baker's English 47 course at Harvard, seems to have been the whole of his higher education. Genius has no great need of education, of course, but no genius was ever harmed by education, popular opinion notwithstanding. A sounder education might have revealed to him that the proper number of words is the fewest that will say the thing and that bad poetry is never made better by bizarre imagery and colorful phrasing.

PLAYWRIGHT AND DRAMATIST

He might have learned, too, that there is a difference between a playwright and a dramatist; the two are not necessarily combined in the same writer. Shakespeare was supremely both. A playwright is merely a man who can construct a play that will interest or amuse for an evening. A dramatist needs to be a thinker, to whom the plot is merely a means to an end; he knows not only what happens but why it happens and what its consequences will inevitably be. His drama will shed light on issues far outside the script of the play; its implications and reverberations will fill the universe of thought. O'Neill did sometimes attain the status of dramatist, but not consistently. He was a man in search of a philosophy that he never found. He never succeeded in fitting together the jumbled pieces of the jigsaw puzzle of the universe into a picture that made sense.

Shaw and O'Neill, Nobel Prize winners—what will be the final verdict on the impact that each had on the world in which he moved? Time, the unerring critic, will pronounce in due course. Indeed, as early as this, O'Neill means *Emperor Jones* and Shaw means *Pygmalion* to most students of the drama. Among the fiery-footed steeds that draw the theatre on its evolutionary course, neither is discernible. Of all the muses, the most wayward, fickle, capricious, cruel and utterly pagan, is that of the theatre. None of her past captors, neither religion, nor instruction, nor propaganda, nor commercialism, has succeeded in holding her long. She is Shakespeare's Queen Mab, who presides over the dreams of men and, when they take form, sponsors them on her stage.

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BOOKS

This Age of Miracles

MIRACLES STILL HAPPEN

By B. G. Sandhurst. Burns & Oates. 188p.
8/-

MODERN MIRACULOUS CURES

By Dr. Francois Leuret and Dr. Henri Bon. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 215p. \$3.50

Of these two excellent books on miraculous cures in our own century you will find one or the other, I feel sure, to your liking. The first is a popular account; the second is a top-level product of combined experts. But each gives abundant, carefully documented evidence that extraordinary cures still take place, and that no one is more rigorous than the Church working through the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in declaring an extraordinary cure to be miraculous in the strictly technical meaning of that term. Beautifully revealed in both books, too, is the catholicity of the healing hand of the Son of God, reaching out alike to believer and skeptic, the ignorant and the learned, saint and sinner, the humble and the proud—and how often, as at Cana, the miracle is performed through the intercession of the Mother of God.

Miracles Still Happen is the title of the paper-cover, shorter, popular book by G. B. Sandhurst, who has previously authored *We Saw Her*, an account of the apparitions of our Lady at Lourdes. Documented cures not only from Lourdes but from Notre Dame de Banneux (Belgium), Lourdes en Flandres (near Ghent) and Liverpool, England, are explained in Mr. Sandhurst's present work. Scientific and medical data necessary for an understanding of these cures are presented in terms that the layman can grasp. And the general reader need have no fear of being drowned in the heavy waters of philosophy and theology, for here, too, Mr. Sandhurst has managed to give an adequate background for the understanding of a genuine miracle in language that is clear, uncluttered and accurate enough.

Modern Miraculous Cures, on the other hand, will please the professionals (medical doctors, philosophers, psychiatrists, theologians, psychologists, *et al.*) with its proficiently technical and penetrating study of the crucial problems—scientific, philosophical and theological—of miracles; and of the individual case histories it examines from

every national shrine. The professionals, too, are guaranteed in this book interesting and incisive writing, sober scientific objectivity and resolute intellectual honesty. Look at the roster of coauthors and translators and you will see why. The original French version was penned by the late Dr. Francois Leuret and Dr. Henri Bon. Dr. Leuret, an outstanding French physician, had been for many years a member, and at one time was president of the Medical Bureau and Bureau of Scientific Studies of Lourdes, where physicians of any religion, race or philosophical bent may study and give their opinion on cures at Lourdes. His coauthor, Dr. Henri Bon, is both a distinguished French physician and the author of numerous medical works. The translators, happily, are a medical doctor of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, Dr. A. T. MacQueen, and a doctor of canon law at St. Andrew's Seminary. They have not translated slavishly, but have omitted items and added items, paraphrased and explained, where they felt they could improve the text.

A judicious bibliography is given. But strangely enough and unfortunately, there is no index. JOSEPH D. HASSETT

Exposed Wounds

LEFTOVER LIFE TO KILL

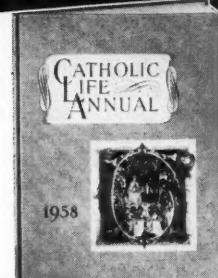
By Caitlin Thomas. Little, Brown. 262p.
\$4.50

There are books which should not have been written. John Malcolm Brinnin's primly gossiping *Dylan Thomas in America* was one; this account by Thomas' widow of her feelings and behavior during the months before and after his death is another. The perverse drive toward self-exhibition and self-destruction that possessed Dylan Thomas and sent him, with his great gifts, to an early death infects Caitlin Thomas, too.

This is a bitter, chaotic, painful and pitiful book, written in an often clumsy, sometimes vivid, parody-of-Dylan prose. Nothing is faced, nothing put in perspective, and it is clear that Mrs. Thomas wants it that way. What emerges from the spill of words are a few partial glimpses of Dylan, and a tedious, unlovely, consciously and unconsciously revealing look at the woman who was his wife. We are told,

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in flashes and blurs, of her hysterical grief at his death, her distraught journey back to Wales with his coffin, her attempt to escape "the old Dylan-infested life" by a stay on Elba and a love-affair with an 18-year-old boy, her return to England still obsessed and wracked with her grief. The title of her book is meant literally.

If love is the cause of her behavior, its immediate effect is hatred: hatred of Dylan's success because it seemed to exclude her. It is no accident that this book that is published because of his fame is not good or bad, a portrait of Dylan but a dramatization of herself. Hatred for Dylan for dying before her, hatred of herself for still living and loving him, hatred of America for causing Dylan's death. She is probably right that "for Dylan, more than anybody, this was a poisonous atmosphere: he

needed opposition, gentle, but firm, constant curbing and a steady, dull, homely bed of straw to breed his fantasies in. Nobody ever needed encouragement less, and he was drowned in it." But that hardly gets to the root of the matter, which seems, as far as one can tell, a desperate longing to escape adulthood in nostalgic fantasies of childhood, in drink, in acting a parody of the romantic poet, in a fascinated contemplation of his own death. Neither he nor Caitlin could bear to grow up; her book shows a life without roots, without meaning, without maturity and wanting none of these things. They seem two selfish children trying terribly to love each other: in the words of one on Dylan's poems, "the plagued groom and bride/Who have brought forth the urchin grief."

The book will sell. It has been and

will be called frank, and it is, not with an honest attempt to see the truth, but with a reckless self-display that comes from her self-disgust and, I am afraid, her twisted love of her self-disgust. It has been and will be called courageous; but not to have written it would have showed more courage. To read it is to be repelled by the perverse possibilities of human nature and ashamed of one's own fascination by them. This is not a good experience, and I advise no one to undertake it.

JOSEPH P. CLANCY

Turbulent Teamsters

THE TEAMSTERS UNION

By Robert D. Leiter. Bookman. 304p. \$5

At the turn of the century the lot of the teamster was scarcely an enviable one. He not only had to drive a wagon in all sorts of weather for intolerably long hours; he had also to care for the horses that pulled it. He had to feed and curry them, hitch and unhitch them. He had to clean their stables and keep their harnesses in shape. All in all, he worked six full days and Sunday mornings as well. In Chicago during the summer months dairy drivers labored 100 hours a week for a monthly wage of \$48. San Francisco teamsters worked from 12 to 18 hours a day, 7 days a week, and their average pay was \$14 a week. There were no welfare funds in those days, no unemployment insurance or workmen's compensation. The drivers did receive two holidays a year—Christmas and the Fourth of July—but these were holidays without pay.

On Jan. 27, 1899 the AFL chartered the Team Drivers International Union. Though the union expanded quickly, it was soon split by factionalism and tainted with corruption. A group of Chicago locals seceded in 1902 and formed the Teamsters National Union. The next year the two unions held a joint convention in Niagara Falls and founded the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. With the election four years later of Daniel Joseph Tobin of Boston as president, the story of IBT as we know it really begins.

This is the story which Prof. Robert D. Leiter, Associate Professor of Economics at City College of New York, tells here. It is the story of a rough-and-tumble union that had more than its share of struggles—struggles with other unions as well as with employers. It is also the story of a rough-and-tumble industry, which, with the coming of the horseless carriage, mushroomed as wild-

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ly as did the auto industry itself. The union grew with the industry. Under the leadership of Dan Tobin, who held the presidency for 45 years, the Teamsters had almost 100,000 members on the eve of the 1929 depression. When he retired in favor of Dave Beck in 1952, the Brotherhood was the largest union in the country. It had over a million members; and the members were among the best-paid workers in the land.

Some of the most interesting sections in this book are devoted to the organizational structure of this sprawling union. They throw considerable light, incidentally, on Jimmy Hoffa's rise to power. To the public Hoffa is a labor leader who has mishandled union monies and consorted with hoodlums and racketeers. To some of his fellow Teamster leaders, and to many employers in the industry, he is these things and much more besides. He is a man of consuming ambition who wants to rationalize and centralize both the industry and the union. He is the apostle of bigness in an industry still characterized, especially in local transportation, by small and medium-sized firms.

In addition to a compact history of IBT, with understandable emphasis on the roles of Dan Tobin, Dave Beck, Jimmy Hoffa and the Trotskyite leaders of famous Local 574 in Minneapolis, Professor Leiter has meaty chapters on the economics of the trucking industry, union objectives and methods in collective bargaining and, of course, on corruption and racketeering. A final chapter, entitled "The Role of the Teamsters Union in the Economy of the United States," is as judicious an estimate of the union's philosophy, its strength and weakness, and its possible future development as one is likely to find. In the light, however, of Hoffa's appearance before the McClellan committee and his subsequent election to the IBT presidency, it seems somewhat too optimistic. After what happened at the Teamsters convention at Miami Beach, to talk of the need of "some guidance from responsible leaders of the AFL-CIO" is surely incongruous. BENJAMIN L. MASSE

THE CITIZEN ARMY

By Frederick Martin Stern. St. Martin's Press. 335p. \$6

F. M. Stern examines carefully the question of adequate military preparedness in a democracy. At the outset he demolishes the assumption that war in the atomic age must be short. Then he supports with evidence the position

that a strong ground force comprises the likeliest deterrent to war, as well as the best form of security if war should break out. Against this background he analyzes in detail problems inherent in creating and maintaining a ground force both large and ready enough to sustain a democratic nation.

In this process Mr. Stern traces the evolution of three kinds of armies: the volunteer professional army; the expandible regular army (a professional cadre fleshed out with conscripts during emergency); the secular or citizen army based on universal military training during peace, without distinction between regular and reserve. Since military institutions should correspond to civil institutions, and since only the citizen army was evolved in a democratic environment, Stern considers it the only ground force suitable for the defense of a democracy. Therefore, he concludes, the United States should replace her expandible regular army with a citizen army based upon extensive and thorough military training.

Mr. Stern emphasizes the weaknesses in our methods of manning and training ground forces; he lays heavy emphasis, too, on the frustrating effect on citizens exposed to these processes suddenly. Though free from invidious comment, his treatment of our present system, as well as his substitute for it, both require thoughtful reading. Plausible and concise as a lawyer's brief, the book implies that universal military training will, of itself, produce national security.

Regardless of how one reacts to its specific proposals, *The Citizen Army* focuses attention on a pressing national problem. Whether he agrees with Mr. Stern that our present system must be uprooted, or supports those professional officers who seek to incorporate in it the reforms Mr. Stern advocates, this book holds particular interest for anyone willing to consider the specifics of national security.

W. H. RUSSELL

SOUTH FROM GRANADA

By Gerald Brenan. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 282p. \$4

Some 15 years ago Gerald Brenan published *The Spanish Labyrinth*, a social and political history of modern Spain. It was a remarkably rich and mature work, and it established the author's reputation as a keen and thoughtful observer. He followed this up by other works about the country. A native of England, the author has lived for many years in Spain, and now resides in Málaga.

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SCRIBNER'S SONS

The present book is a study in depth of a particular region. It has a distinctly personal note. Brenan left England as a young man following World War I. He was oppressed by the rigid conventions of the English middle class, and longed for a more informal and more natural milieu. He decided on Spain, though he knew little about the country. With little money, but with a library of two thousand books, he settled down in a village on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada in southern Spain.

Our Reviewers

REV. JOSEPH D. HASSETT, S.J., is assistant professor and chairman of the Department of Philosophy in the School of Education and lecturer in jurisprudence in the School of Law at Fordham University.

JOSEPH P. CLANCY is chairman of the Department of English at Marymount College, New York, N. Y.

REV. BENJAMIN L. MASSE, S.J., is an associate editor of *AMERICA*. W. H. RUSSELL is associate professor in the Department of English, History and Government at the U. S. Naval Academy.

FRANCIS E. McMAHON, former president of the American Catholic Philosophical Association and of the Catholic Association for International Peace, is a writer and lecturer.

REV. FRANCIS J. GALLAGHER, S.J., teaches history at the University of Scranton.

REV. VINCENT A. YZERMANS, of the Saint Cloud Diocese, is editor of two collections of papal documents, *All Things in Christ* (Pius X) and *The Unwearied Advocate* (Pius XII).

Yegen—that was the name of the village—was a tightly knit community of about a thousand souls. They were mostly farmers. Nobody was rich, nobody terribly poor. They had fashioned their own little world. It was a world rarely penetrated by outside influences. Most of the inhabitants were unlettered, though wise in the manner of people close to nature. The author spent seven years with them. He devoted part of the time to acquiring, with the help of his books, a general education.



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He paints no idyllic picture of life in Yegen. The people were all too human. Their standard of living was very low, but they were not a depressed group. Religious practice for many was perfunctory. The Church fiestas, however, brought out everybody, including those who rarely confessed or went to Mass. Our self-educated author tends—it is one of his rare weaknesses—to lean heavily on Frazer's *Golden Bough* in interpreting the religious life of the Yegen people.

Trips out of Yegen familiarized the author with the surrounding regions. Almost always on foot—he must have been one of the champion walkers of the 'twenties—he covered thoroughly this portion of Spain. He explored not only the countryside but also cities like Málaga and Almería. Brenan has the sort of mind that is not satisfied until it ferrets out the last secrets of a people and their land. So to the books on history and archeology he turned to learn all he could. He sets down the fruits of his researches.

Surprisingly, this book is "earthy," probably to an excess. One must, of course, say something about the grosser side of life in southern Spain if one seeks to present the full picture. But Brenan somewhat overdoes it.

South from Granada has been extravagantly praised by some reviewers in England. Though the work has merit, we do not think it is quite that good. It is not Brenan at his best.

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON

JEB STUART: The Last Cavalier

By Burke Davis. Rinehart. 439p. \$6

Among the band of dashing and romantic heroes on both sides of the struggle between North and South, none has stirred the imagination of later generations more than the knightly figure of the galloping horseman Jeb Stuart with his flowing beard and plumed hats. No leader ever looked the part of romantic knight on horseback more perfectly. A huge bearded figure in flamboyant uniform, a noisy, singing extrovert with a flair for dramatizing the most ordinary of routine actions, he always held the center of the stage. But Stuart soon proved he was no vain show-off. He had unusual military talent and the methods of warfare then in use gave him rare opportunities for using them. The use of cavalry reached a high degree of efficiency during these years and though "the first of modern wars" was already making some of its traditional duties

obsolete, it was still the chief means of gathering information, locating enemy positions, threatening supply lines and cutting communications. In all of these Stuart showed such outstanding skill and daring that he was soon the hero of the South and the terror of the Northern armies.

In his usual lively and dramatic style the author takes us with his hero through the exciting days of the Peninsula battles, the Valley, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the Wilder-

ness. At first sight he seems a rather reckless figure, always dramatizing himself and his cavalry, but his accomplishments were those of a shrewd and tireless leader and organizer. For Stuart there was no time for holidays or politics. And while he evidently enjoyed the adulation of the crowd, he made no attempt to capitalize on his fame by parading the streets of Richmond or seeking any personal profit for himself.

Here every reader will find a thrilling and inspiring story solidly based on

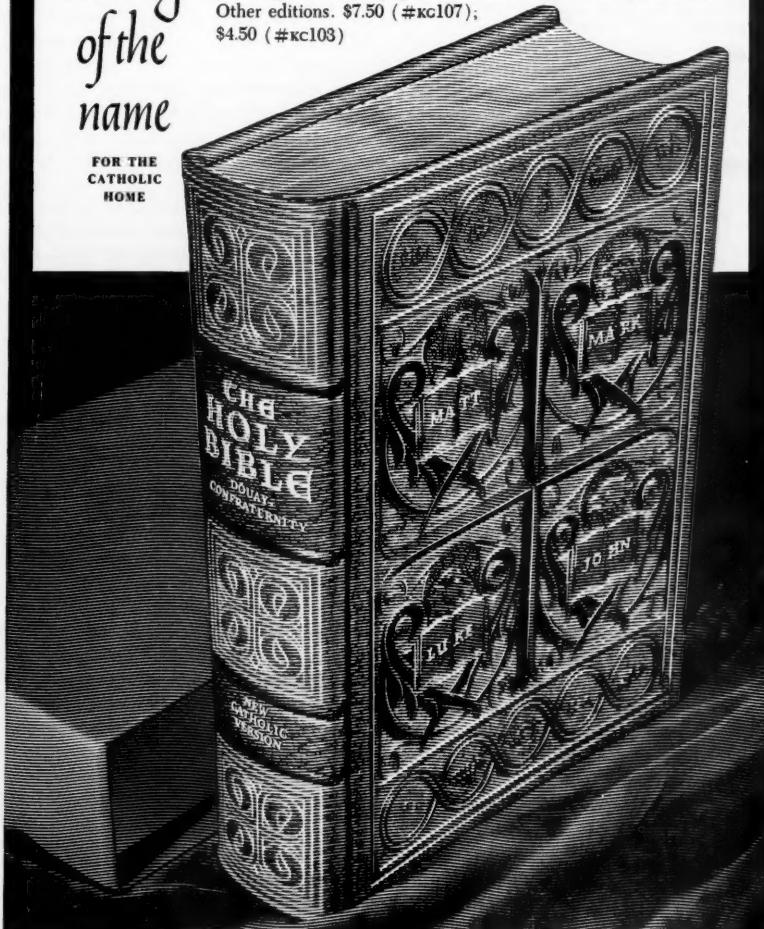
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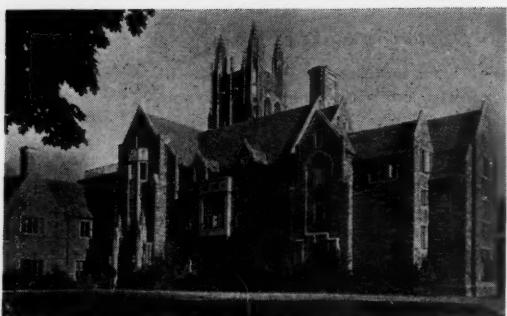
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and Sciences		G	Graduate School
AE	Adult Education	IR	Industrial
C	Commerce		Relations
D	Dentistry	J	Journalism
Ed	Education	L	Law
E	Engineering	M	Medicine
Mu	Music	Sp	Speech
N	Nursing		
P	Pharmacy	Officers Training	
S	Social Work	Corps	
Sc	Science	AROTC Army	
Sy	Seismology	NROTC Navy	
	Station	AFROTC Air Force	

as you would have them do unto you, but as a most merciful God has actually done unto you. In other words, according to the highest ideal of Christian charity we are to copy not simply the behavior of the best of men toward other men; we must strive to reproduce in our dealings with others the endless goodness of God toward us.

There will never be a time, in this valley of tears, when human passion will not in some sort blind human reason and damage human integrity. Surely, though, in this fair land and at this late hour, the assorted servants of God who call themselves Christians could, on Christian principles, perform a shade more creditably in their contacts and relations with their fellow servants. It seems little enough to ask in Christ's dear name. VINCENT P. McCORRY, s.j.

THEATRE

LOOK BACK IN ANGER. In *The Moon Is Blue*, a hit comedy a few seasons back, a girl says: "I suppose you think it's wrong to have children born in this messy world." A young man replies: "The mess will never be cleaned up by the children who are not born." The reminiscence is evoked by John Osborne's frenetic drama now at the Lyceum.

Jimmy Porter, Mr. Osborne's highly articulate protagonist, is angry because the world, not to mention his disorganized personal life, is in a terrible mess. He makes no effort, however, to clean up the debris or sweep the cobwebs out of his mind. Instead, he vents his anger on his patient wife and in a deluge of venomous insults to his friends. He is a thoroughly exasperating person but vital and challenging.

He is an impressive character because in our daily routine of living we meet so many young people who are without either chart or rudder in a world that seems to be in chaos. As Christians, we are bound to share his dissatisfaction with an age that seems to be drifting toward nihilism. When he complains that the recent catastrophic war left no causes worth fighting for, however, we must remind him that each generation must find and launch its own crusades.

Mr. Osborne's drama has virtually no plot; its story line is a closed circle of character portrayal. All the characters are angry; Jimmy Porter incandescent in his wrath, his wife smoldering in hers.

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Tertiary characters show their anger or anxiety in various ways, from sympathy with the wrangling husband and wife to indulgence in a liaison.

Produced by David Merrick, who hired Howard Bay to design the drab setting and middle-class costumes, the play is performed with casual brilliance by a carefully selected cast that includes Mary Ure, Kenneth Haigh and Alan Bates, a trio of British actors who helped in making the play a hit in London. They should be grateful to Mr. Osborne for providing them with roles worthy of their mettle.

MARY STUART. Perhaps it's too early in the season for jubilation, but there are signs that the theatre, tired of its identification as primarily a medium of entertainment, akin to the flea circus, is returning to its proper function as a cultural institution. Leading the trend back to sanity is the production at the Phoenix, Friedrich Schiller's tragedy of two queens, in an English version by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich. The producer is Theatre Incorporated, apparently a front for T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton, who are billed as managing directors.

Aside from billing, whoever is in authority at the Phoenix has given New

York the finest play of the nascent season. *Mary Stuart* is drama in the grand style, directed with a sensitive hand by Tyrone Guthrie, handsomely mounted by Donald Oenslager and richly costumed by Alvin Colt.

Opulence of production is more than equaled by the virility of the drama. The meat of the play is two women in a duel, one on the throne and the other in exile, though they are not as unequal in the contest as their positions would indicate. The title character is beautiful and proud, believing she is the rightful heir to the English crown but making no effort to assert her right, holding on to her Catholic faith as her most precious possession. Since her enemy, Elizabeth I, holds the scepter, and the power and glory that accompany it, Mary is eventually doomed.

Schiller's tragedy is kind to both women, or perhaps more accurately, is an impartial dramatic portrayal of history. Mary, after making her confession and forgiving her enemy, goes to the scaffold in magnificent composure. Elizabeth survives in anguish, living with the doubt that Mary's execution was either justifiable or politically wise.

In Schiller's drama, both queens are caught in a web of political intrigue and sectarian machinations. Mary, who

came to England as a refugee and finds herself a prisoner, is encouraged by false hopes of rescue. Elizabeth is the victim of flattering courtiers and treacherous statesmen, who nullify her intentions and decisions by pretending to misunderstand them.

Splendid performances by Eva Le Gallienne as Elizabeth, and Irene Worth as Mary, come rather close to lifting the play at the Phoenix to the level of perfect production. Critical discretion is further strained by the meticulous handling of support-roles: Max Adrian as the malevolent and serpentine Burleigh, Douglas Campbell as Leicester, furtively playing both sides of the street, Robert Goodier as Mary's conscientious jailer, and John Colicos as Mortimer, her impetuous friend. All minor roles are handled with affection as well as skill.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

NO DOWN PAYMENT (20th Century-Fox) takes a long look over the back fences and through the picture windows of one of those mushrooming postwar suburban housing developments. What it finds goes to make up a film which

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represents contemporary moviemaking as clearly as its undersized, mass-produced push-button "dream houses" represent today's living pattern.

The camera focuses on four apparently average couples thrown together by force of proximity—Joanne Woodward and Cameron Mitchell, Sheree North and Tony Randall, Jeffrey Hunter and Patricia Owens, Barbara Rush and Pat Hingle. At first it seems that Miss North has the worst problem. Her husband not only drinks too much and lets his eye rove too readily, but he also has compulsive dreams of making a fortune which are at hopeless odds with the pay he brings home as a used-car salesman.

As events unfold, however, it develops that our sympathies really belong with Miss Woodward. Mitchell, it becomes increasingly clear, is a bully and a sadist and an all-round mixed-up character. When he loses out for the job of community police chief, which he coveted for reasons that are as suspect as his record as a war hero, he goes really berserk. Rape and fortuitous sudden death are the outcome.

The violence is both too sudden and too pat. Nevertheless, the picture has undeniable virtues. It has been directed with sharp immediacy by TV's Martin Ritt, and its characterizations are accurately caught by a talented cast of young and comparatively new faces. Among them Joanne Woodward, recently of *Three Faces of Eve*, stands out as an unlettered, raffish, goodhearted and finally tragic hillbilly. Moreover, Philip Yordan's script, reputedly a great improvement over the recently published novel of the same name, is honestly concerned with affirming values in life better than the purely material.

[L of D: A-II]

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE (*Universal*) is another good try at something worth while. Contrary to the impression created by its title, it is not a musical nor is it, strictly speaking, a gangster melodrama. Neither does it quite succeed in being another *On the Waterfront*, which is presumably the mark it was shooting for. Still, the picture is in its own right an intelligent and balanced look at conditions in the maritime unions.

Based on a book, *The Man who Rocked the Boat*, by Assistant District Attorney William J. Keating, it concentrates on Keating's (Richard Egan) finally successful efforts to obtain a conviction against some racketeering union thugs for murdering an honest hiring

stevedore. In building up to this legal victory—the first conviction for a waterfront killing—the film makes blunt good sense and avoids extraneous melodrama. It boasts, in addition, a distinguished and courageously unglamorous performance by Jan Sterling as the murdered man's widow. [L of D: A-II]

PAL JOEY (*Columbia*) was a quite shocking musical when it appeared on Broadway almost twenty years ago. Its justification was that it was a forthright study of the rise and ironic fall of an egocentric hoover who was a heel where women were concerned, and in every other sense for that matter.

The long-delayed movie version, splendid in Technicolor, is sordid enough in its own right and has no such justification. Having established quite graphically its hero's (Frank Sinatra) lack of character, the film switches viewpoints in midstream and palms him off as a harmless, uncomplicated skirt-chaser who winds up getting the "good girl" (Kim Novak) at the end.

Even so, the Rodgers and Hart songs, which the movie borrows from several of their musicals, remain show-stoppers as delivered with a professional flourish by Sinatra and by Rita Hayworth as Joey's ex-burlesque-queen socialite "patron." [L of D: B] **MOIRA WALSH**

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